MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

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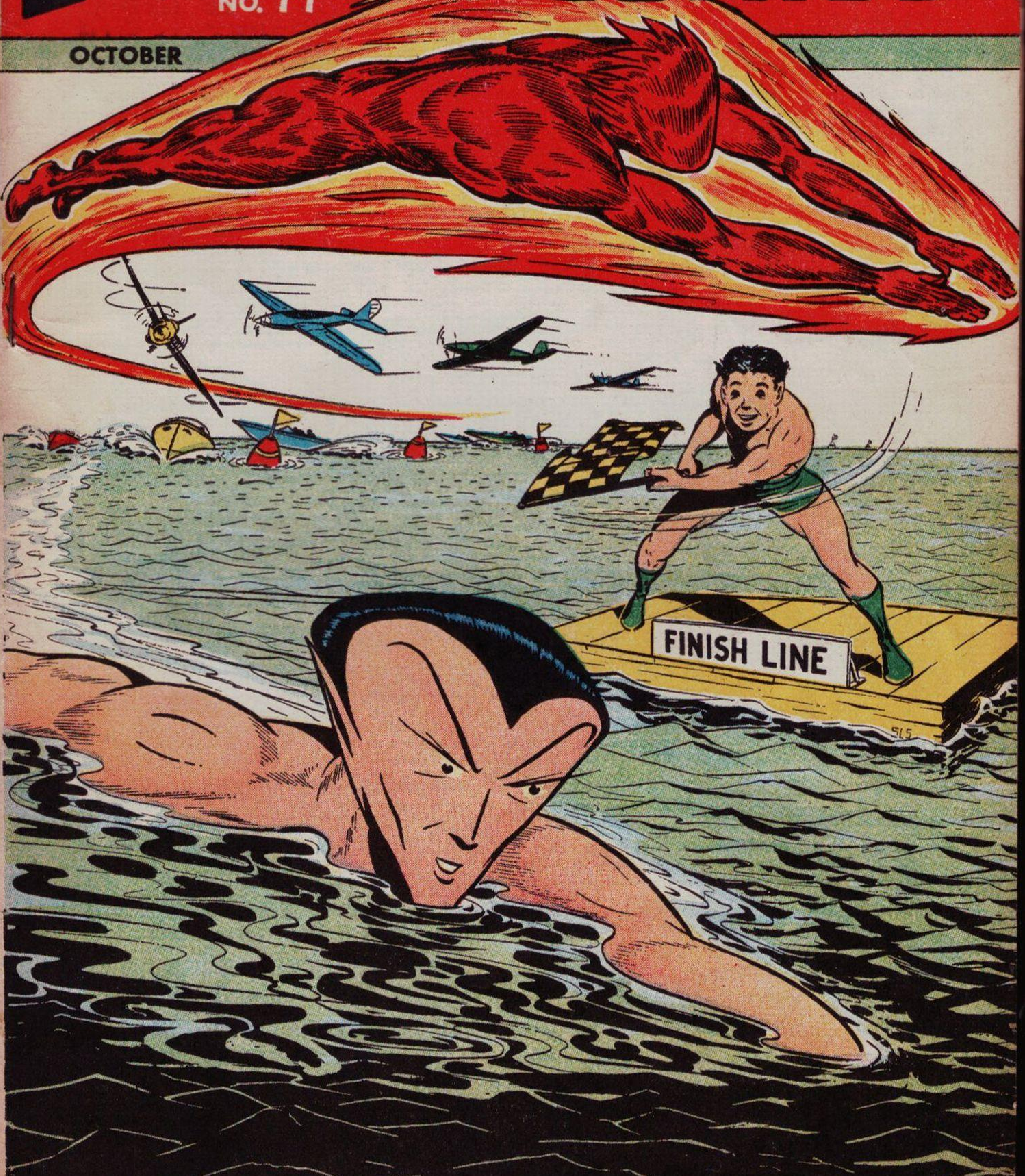
NO. 77

OCTOBER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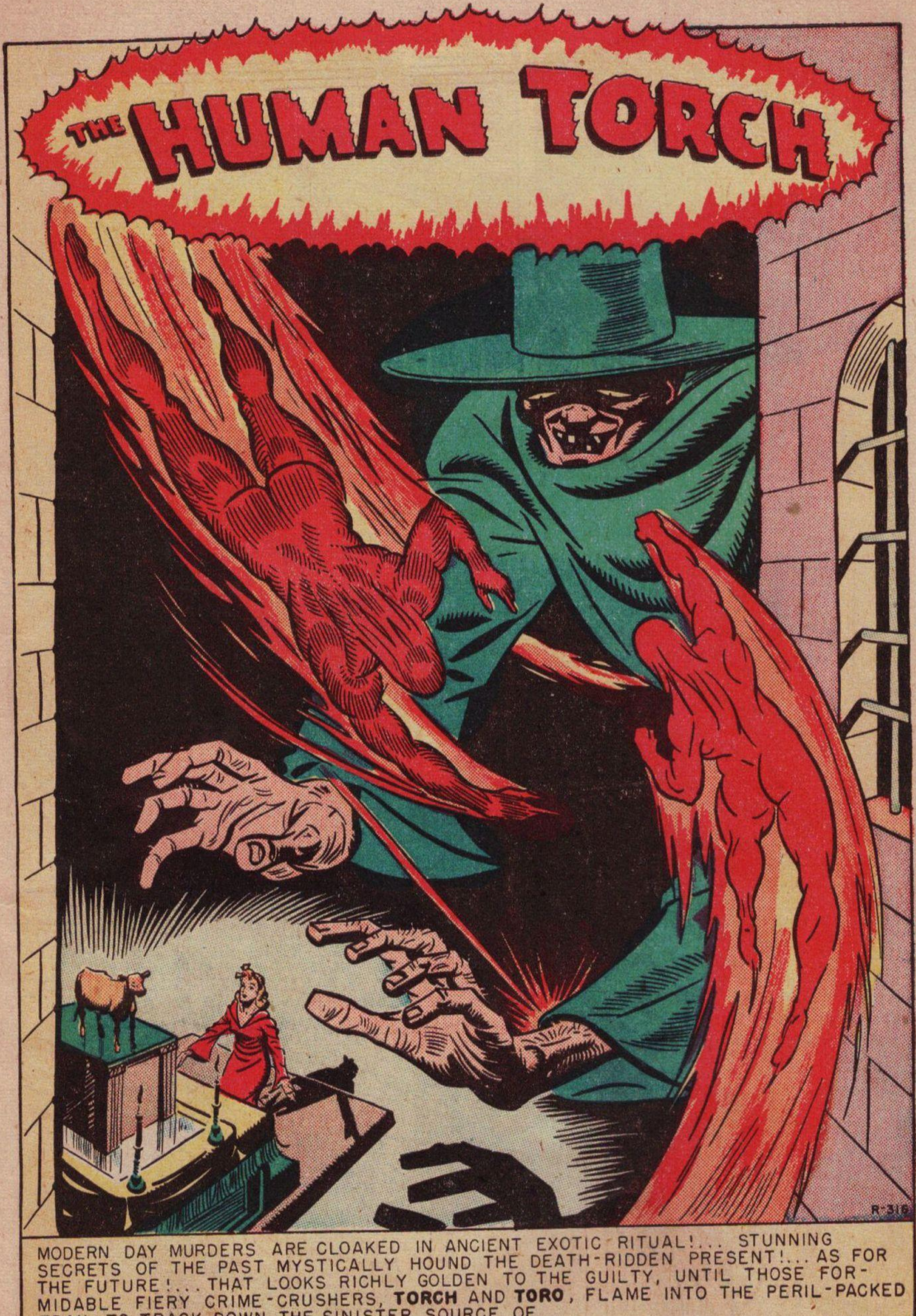
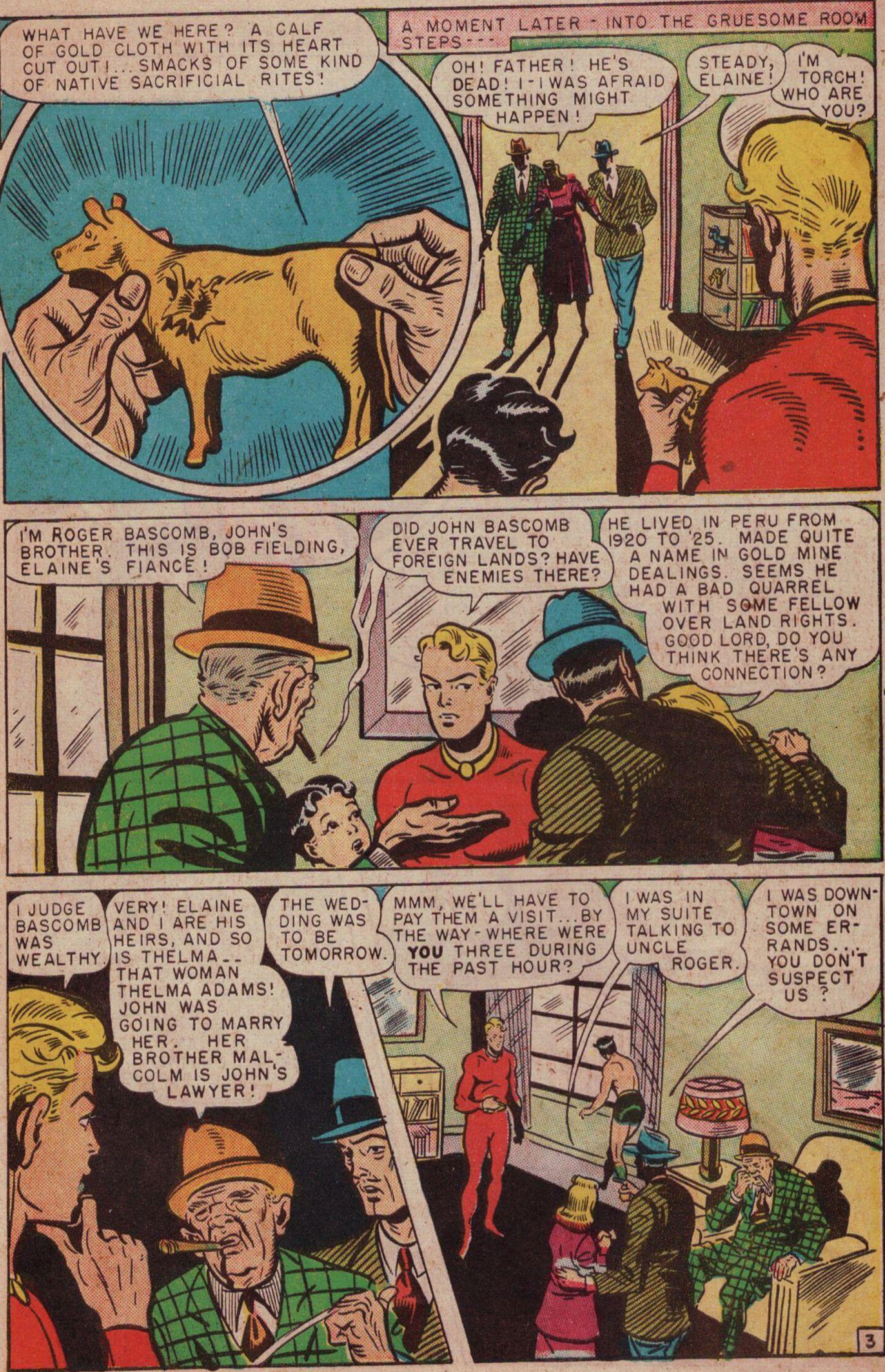


MODERN DAY MURDERS ARE CLOAKED IN ANCIENT EXOTIC RITUAL!... STUNNING SECRETS OF THE PAST MYSTICALLY HOUND THE DEATH-RIDDEN PRESENT!... AS FOR THE FUTURE!... THAT LOOKS RICHLY GOLDEN TO THE GUILTY, UNTIL THOSE FORMIDABLE FIERY CRIME-CRUSHERS, **TORCH** AND **TORO**, FLAME INTO THE PERIL-PACKED TRAIL TO TRACK DOWN THE SINISTER SOURCE OF

"THE GOLDEN CALF MURDERS!"

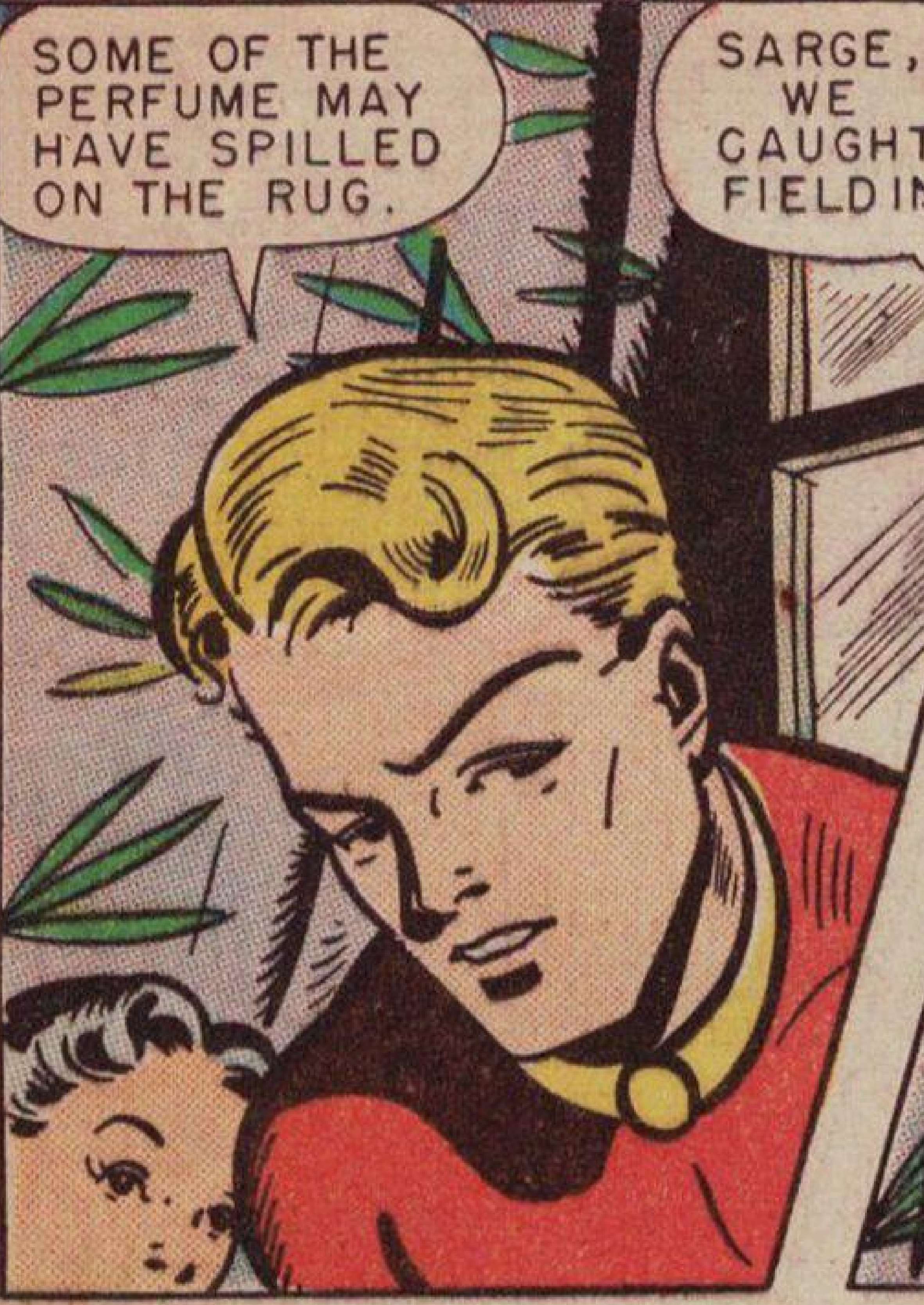
ONE DAY AT HOME, TORCH RECEIVES A PRESSING PHONE CALL—
THIS IS JOHN BAS'COMB! I MUST SEE YOU! MY LIFE'S IN DANGER! I'VE RECEIVED A THREAT NOTE!
WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
CYCLONIC SECONDS LATER...
THIS IS IT... HE MUMBLED SOMETHING ABOUT A WARNING HE RECEIVED TO BEWARE THE GOLDEN CALF!
SHOTS!
HURRY! WE MIGHT BE TOO LATE, BUT MAYBE WE CAN STOP THE KILLER!
306
305
BANG!
309
307
THE TORRID TEAM STREAKS INTO THE MYSTERY APARTMENT — TO FACE A DAZZLING BRILLIANCE!
MY EYES! I CAN'T SEE!
IT'S PHOSPHO-GAS POWDER! UNFLAME, QUICK, LAD! IT MIGHT IGNITE!
SOON AFTER, AS THE POTENT POWDER EVAPORATES...
THERE'S A DRAIN PIPE OUTSIDE THIS WINDOW. WHOEVER WAS HERE MUST'VE GOT DOWN THAT WAY... BUT WHAT ABOUT BASCOMB?
THEN -- THE DUO IS CONFRONTED BY A SIGHT — SHOCKING, BIZARRE!
HE'S DEAD OF BULLET WOUNDS... PIERCED HIS HEART! ... WHAT A STRANGE SETTING FOR MURDER! (SNIFF) (SNIFF) AIR'S FULL OF A PERFUMED INCENSE! AND THAT TABLE'S BEEN ARRANGED AS AN ALTAR!

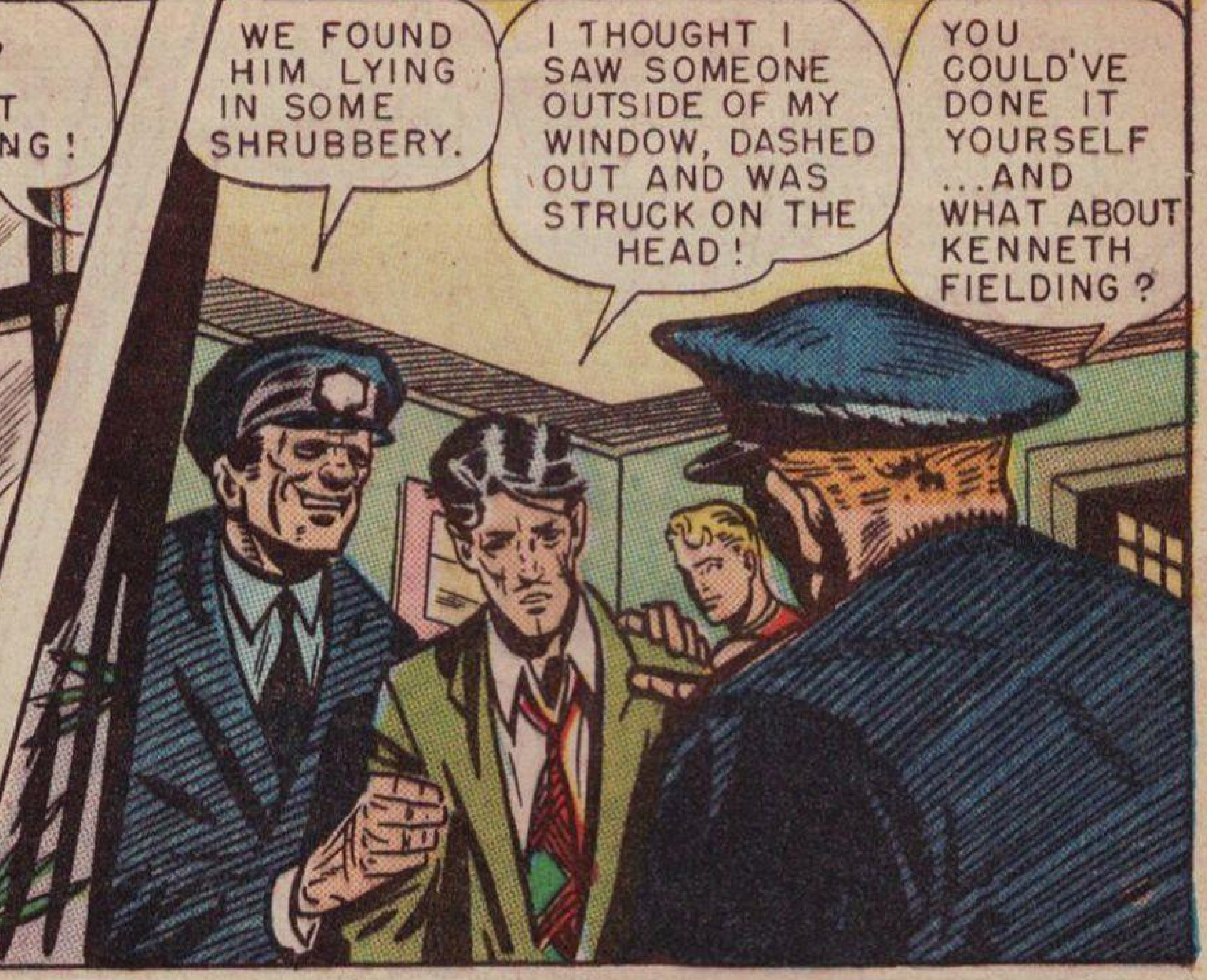

WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A CALF OF GOLD CLOTH WITH ITS HEART CUT OUT!... SMACKS OF SOME KIND OF NATIVE SACRIFICIAL RITES!
A MOMENT LATER - INTO THE GRUESOME ROOM STEPS---
OH! FATHER! HE'S DEAD! I-I WAS AFRAID SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN!
STEADY, ELAINE!
I'M TORCH! WHO ARE YOU?
I'M ROGER BASCOMB, JOHN'S BROTHER. THIS IS BOB FIELDING, ELAINE'S FIANCÉ!
DID JOHN BASCOMB EVER TRAVEL TO FOREIGN LANDS? HAVE ENEMIES THERE?
HE LIVED IN PERU FROM 1920 TO '25. MADE QUITE A NAME IN GOLD MINE DEALINGS. SEEMS HE HAD A BAD QUARREL WITH SOME FELLOW OVER LAND RIGHTS. GOOD LORD, DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY CONNECTION?
I JUDGE BASCOMB WAS WEALTHY.
VERY! ELAINE AND I ARE HIS HEIRS, AND SO IS THELMA.. THAT WOMAN THELMA ADAMS! JOHN WAS GOING TO MARRY HER. HER BROTHER MALCOLM IS JOHN'S LAWYER!
THE WEDDING WAS TO BE TOMORROW.
MMM, WE'LL HAVE TO PAY THEM A VISIT...BY THE WAY- WHERE WERE **YOU** THREE DURING THE PAST HOUR?
I WAS IN MY SUITE TALKING TO UNCLE ROGER.
I WAS DOWNTOWN ON SOME ERRANDS... YOU DON'T SUSPECT US?

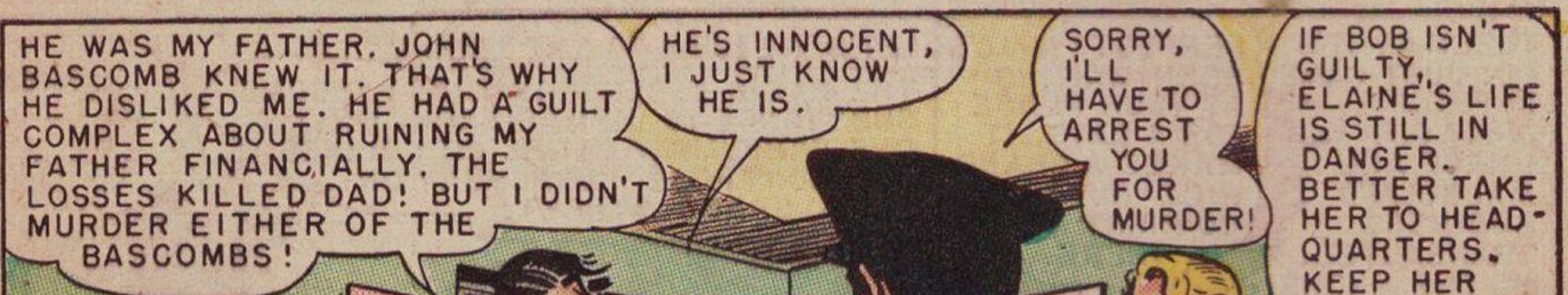
NOT LONG AFTER - THE TWIN HUMAN COMETS BLAZE A TRAIL OF SPEED!
THE ADAMS ADDRESS IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER...WE'LL STOP THERE NEXT.
---THE GOLDEN CALF! WE'VE SURE HIT A LULU!
SOON - IN THE APARTMENT OF THELMA ADAMS...
JOHN DEAD? (SOB) (SOB) I LOVED HIM SO...
...OR HIS MONEY.
MISS ADAMS, WHERE WERE YOU DURING THE PAST HOUR... AND WHAT ABOUT YOUR BROTHER MALCOLM?
IF YOU'RE IMPLYING EITHER OF US IS SUSPECTED YOU'RE ABSURD...UP TO 5 MINUTES AGO I'VE HAD SOMEBODY HERE WITH ME EVERY SECOND FOR THE PAST 2 HOURS...AND AS FOR MALCOLM... HE'S IN CHICAGO. JOHN SENT HIM THERE ON BUSINESS 4 DAYS AGO AND HE'S TO PLANE BACK THIS AFTERNOON...I'M STOPPING YOUR SUSPICIONS AT ONCE! WE'LL LONG DISTANCE CHICAGO!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THAT'S THAT! WE CONTACTED MALCOLM IN CHICAGO BEFORE HE LEFT FOR THE AIRPORT. THAT CLEARS HIM...AND THELMA HAS AN AIR-TIGHT ALIBI...NOW WHAT? WHAT ABOUT THE GOLDEN CALF BUSINESS?
WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT RIGHT NOW ---AT THE MUSEUM.
IN BRIEF TIME...THE POWER HOUSE PAIR CONFERS WITH A CURATOR.
THE AMZULCOS, AN ANCIENT TRIBE STILL RESIDING IN PERU, KILLED THEIR FOE BY OFFERING THEM UP AS SACRIFICES TO THE GOLDEN CALF... THE MURDERS WERE COMMITTED FOR REVENGE...IN THAT CASE THE VICTIM'S ENTIRE FAMILY WAS MARKED FOR DEATH.
FLAMING FLAMINGOES! IN THAT CASE WHERE'S THE NEAREST PHONE?
4

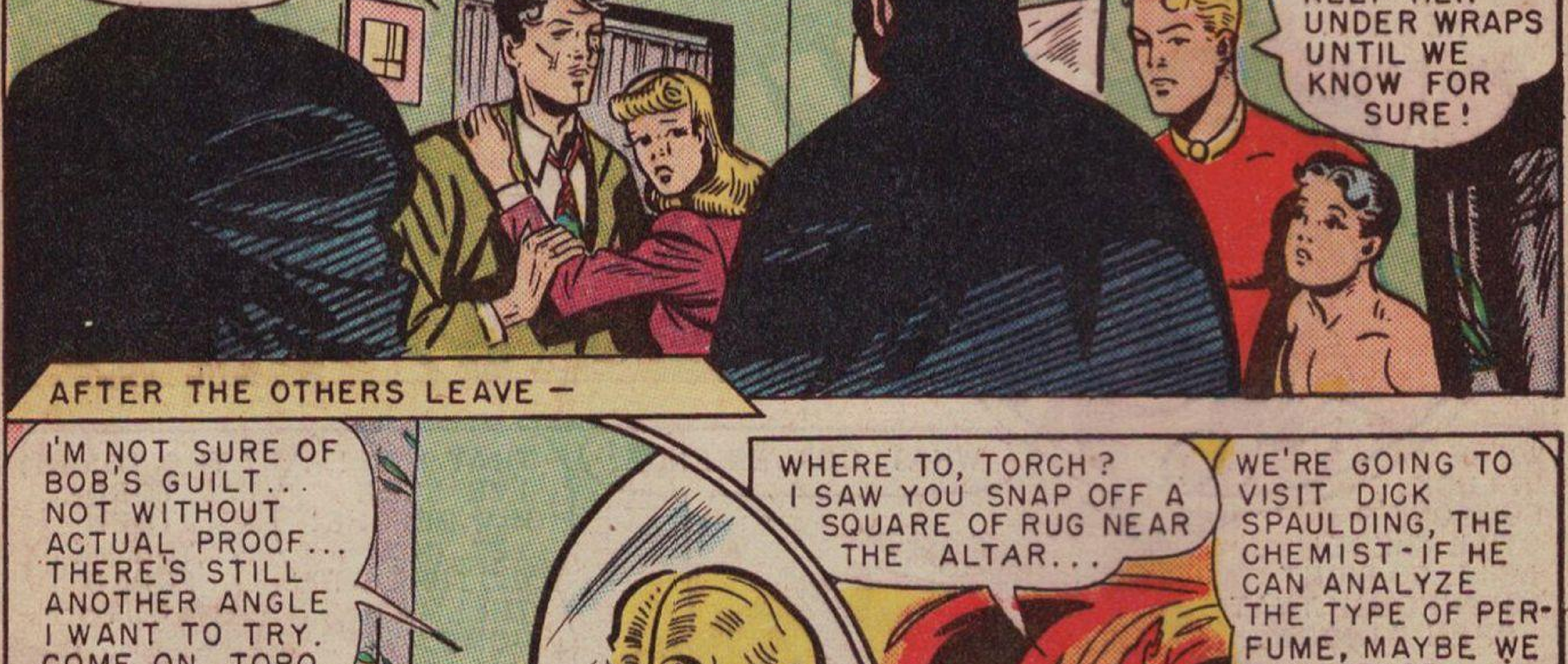
SERGEANT, BASCOMB'S MURDER MAY HAVE BEEN ONE IN A MOVE TO DESTROY HIS ENTIRE FAMILY! BETTER HAVE ROGER AND ELAINE GUARDED EVERY MINUTE!
O.K., TORCH. WE'RE WORKING ON SOME ANGLES TOO!
NOW IS THERE ANY PLACE WHERE ONE COULD BUY A GOLD-CLOTHED CALF OR HAVE IT MADE UP?
THERE'S A SHOP ON FOURTH STREET THAT DEALS IN JUST SUCH CURIOS!
MINUTES LATER...
YOU ASK ABOUT THE GOLDEN CALF? YES INDEED, SIR- I SOLD 3 OF THEM JUST THIS MORNING.
WHO BOUGHT THE CALVES?
BUT SUDDENLY...
A....OH!
BANG
(COUGH) THE LIGHT!! I CAN'T SEE!
AND WHEN THE WHITE DENSITY DISSOLVES...
HE'S DEAD!
BEFORE HE COULD REVEAL THE MURDERER'S IDENTITY.. LET'S LOOK AROUND FOR A BILL OF SALE OR SOMETHING.
BUT SHORT MINUTES LATER...
NOTHING--- THAT KILLER SURE KNOWS HOW TO COVER TRACKS.
TOO CUNNINGLY!... ...LAD, GET SET FOR A SESSION AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY! I WANT TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT JOHN BASCOMB'S MINING DAYS!

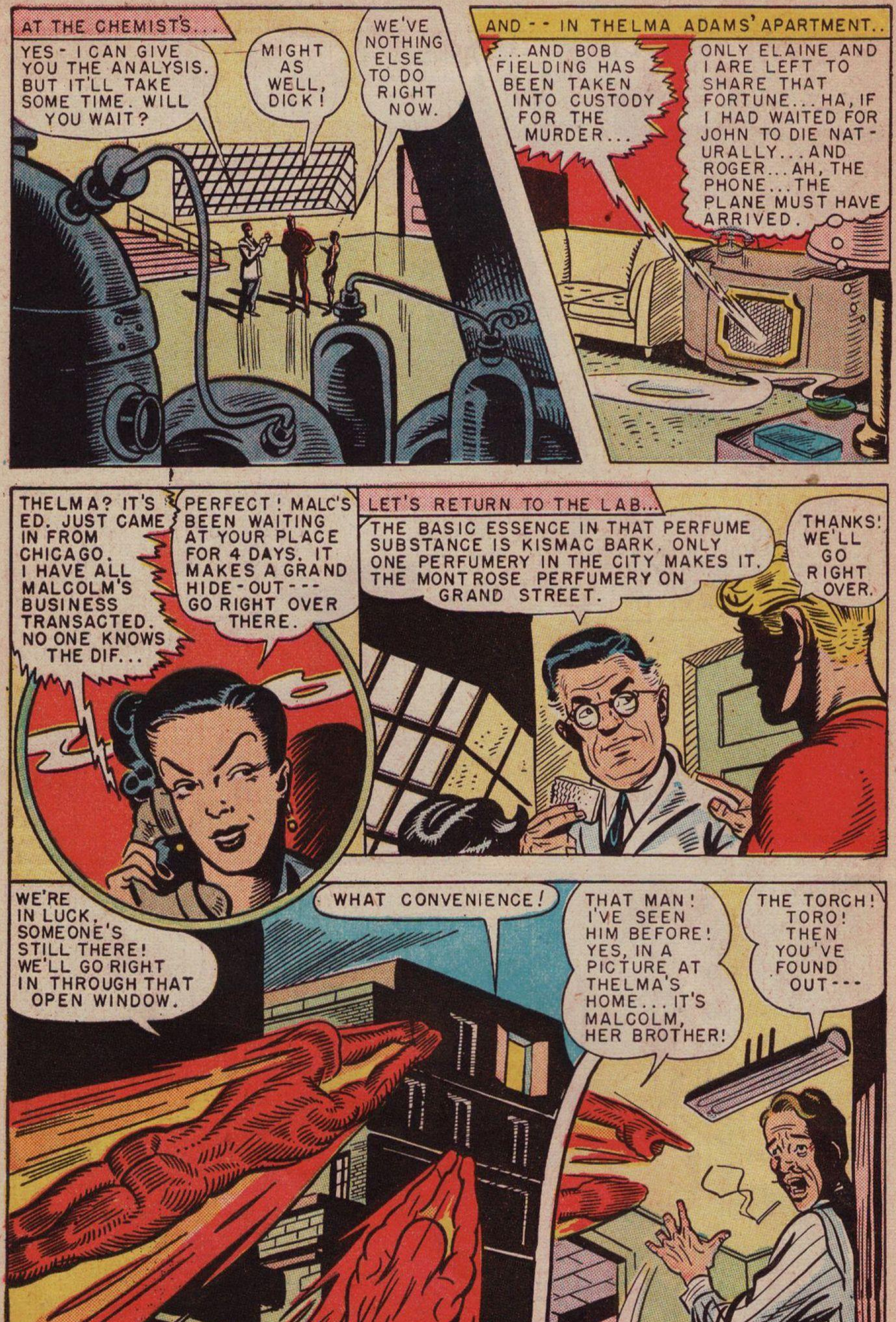
THESE INDEXES LIST EVERY NEWS STORY SINCE 1900... THIS DATE OUGHT TO BE AT THE HEIGHT OF BASCOMB'S RISE TO PROMINENCE...
A LISTING LEADS TO A NEWS CLIPPING OF STARTLING DISCLOSURE!
JOHN BASCOMB, 30 YEAR OLD MILLIONAIRE GOLD MINE OWNER, ARRIVED IN NEW YORK TODAY FROM PERU. BASCOMB BECAME SOLE OWNER OF SEVERAL FABULOUS GOLDMINES AFTER WINNING A COURT DECISION IN A PROPERTY RIGHTS CONTEST AGAINST KENNETH FIELDING.
THAT'S BOB'S LAST NAME! WHY--- KENNETH FIELDING MIGHT BE CLOSELY RELATED TO BOB-- COULD BE HIS FATHER.
WE'LL GO AND QUESTION BOB!
A RAPID RETURN TRIP TO THE LATE BASCOMB'S APARTMENT...
... BOB FIELDING DISAPPEARED ABOUT A HALF HOUR AGO.... WE SEARCHED HIS BAGS AND FOUND THAT HE COMES FROM PERU...
SARGE, COME QUICK! ROGER BASCOMB'S BEEN MURDERED!
IN ROGER'S SUITE - A DUPLICATE SCENE OF SACRIFICIAL SAVAGERY!
HOW DID THAT HAPPEN? YOU MEN WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ON GUARD!
WE WERE, BUT SOMETHING BLINDED US!
PHOSPHO GAS.. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.... MM (SNIFF) (SNIFF) THE PLACE REEKS WITH HEAVY INCENSE PERFUME - MORE THAN WAS IN JOHN'S PLACE.


SOME OF THE PERFUME MAY HAVE SPILLED ON THE RUG.
SARGE, WE CAUGHT FIELDING!


WE FOUND HIM LYING IN SOME SHRUBBERY.
I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE OUTSIDE OF MY WINDOW, DASHED OUT AND WAS STRUCK ON THE HEAD!
YOU COULD'VE DONE IT YOURSELF ...AND WHAT ABOUT KENNETH FIELDING?

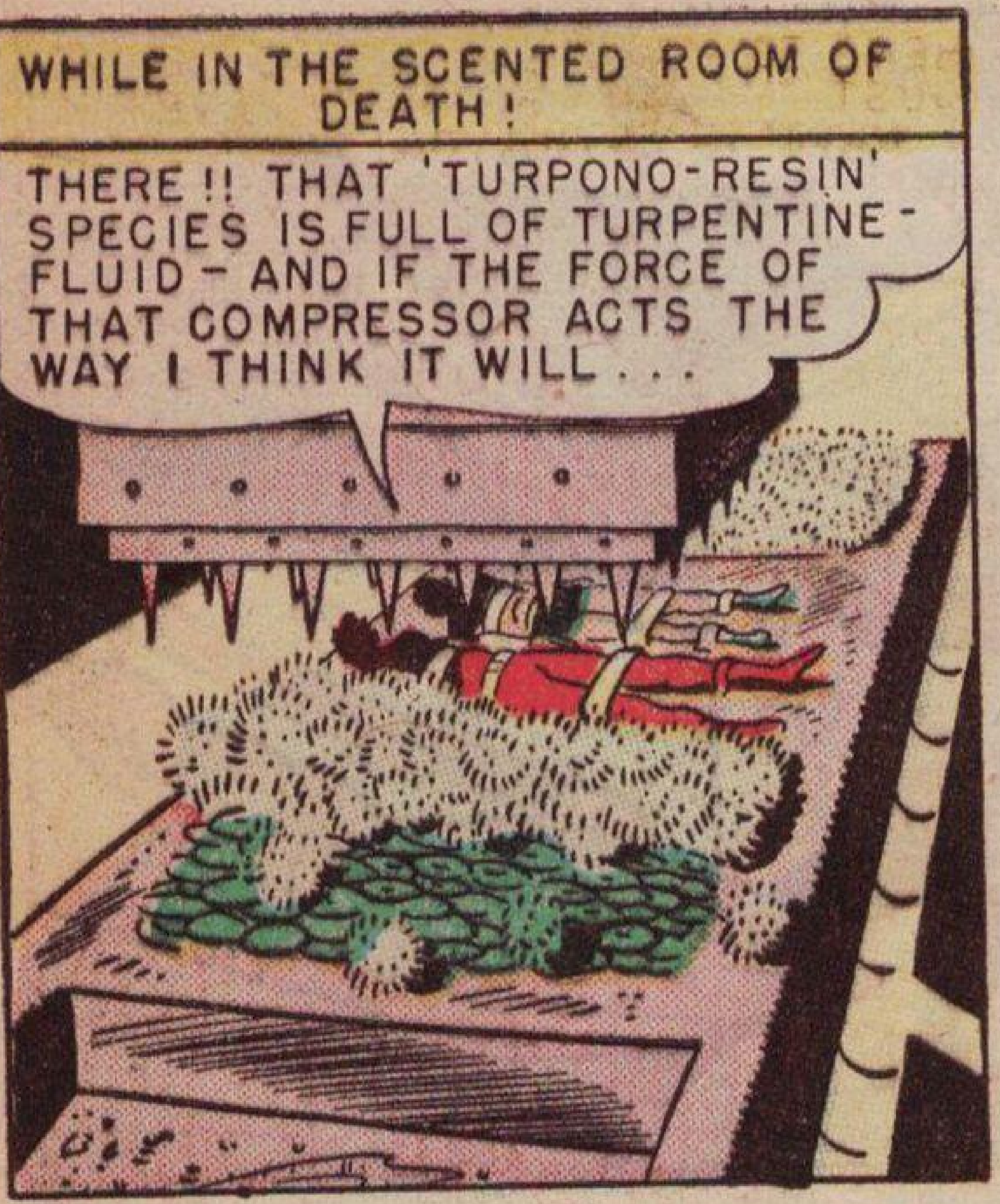

HE WAS MY FATHER. JOHN BASCOMB KNEW IT. THAT'S WHY HE DISLIKED ME. HE HAD A GUILT COMPLEX ABOUT RUINING MY FATHER FINANCIALLY. THE LOSSES KILLED DAD! BUT I DIDN'T MURDER EITHER OF THE BASCOMBS!
HE'S INNOCENT, I JUST KNOW HE IS.
SORRY, I'LL HAVE TO ARREST YOU FOR MURDER!
IF BOB ISN'T GUILTY, ELAINE'S LIFE IS STILL IN DANGER. BETTER TAKE HER TO HEADQUARTERS. KEEP HER UNDER WRAPS UNTIL WE KNOW FOR SURE!

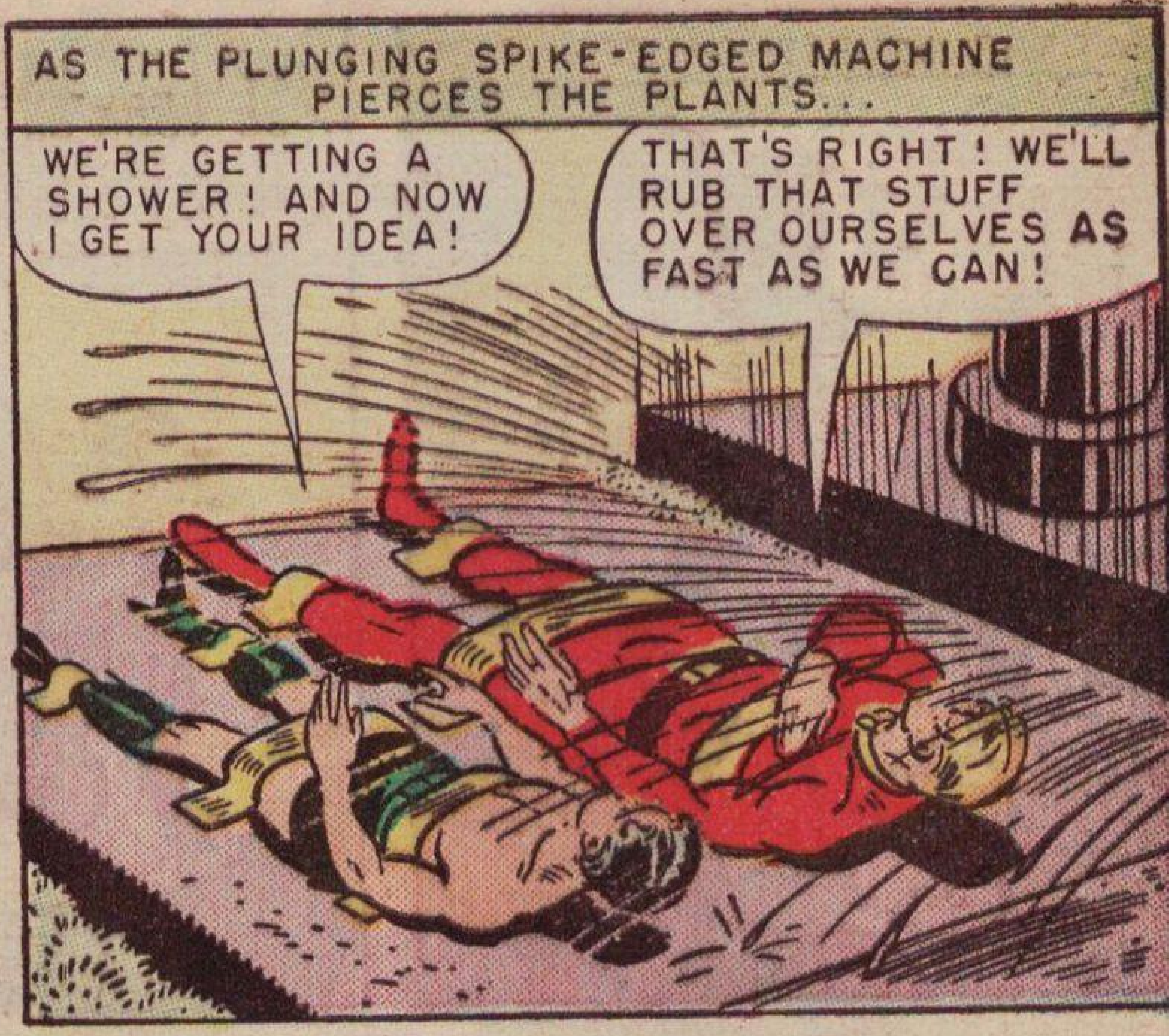

AFTER THE OTHERS LEAVE —
I'M NOT SURE OF BOB'S GUILT... NOT WITHOUT ACTUAL PROOF... THERE'S STILL ANOTHER ANGLE I WANT TO TRY. COME ON, TORO, WE'RE GOING PLACES.
WHERE TO, TORCH? I SAW YOU SNAP OFF A SQUARE OF RUG NEAR THE ALTAR...
WE'RE GOING TO VISIT DICK SPAULDING, THE CHEMIST - IF HE CAN ANALYZE THE TYPE OF PERFUME, MAYBE WE CAN TRACE WHERE IT CAME FROM!

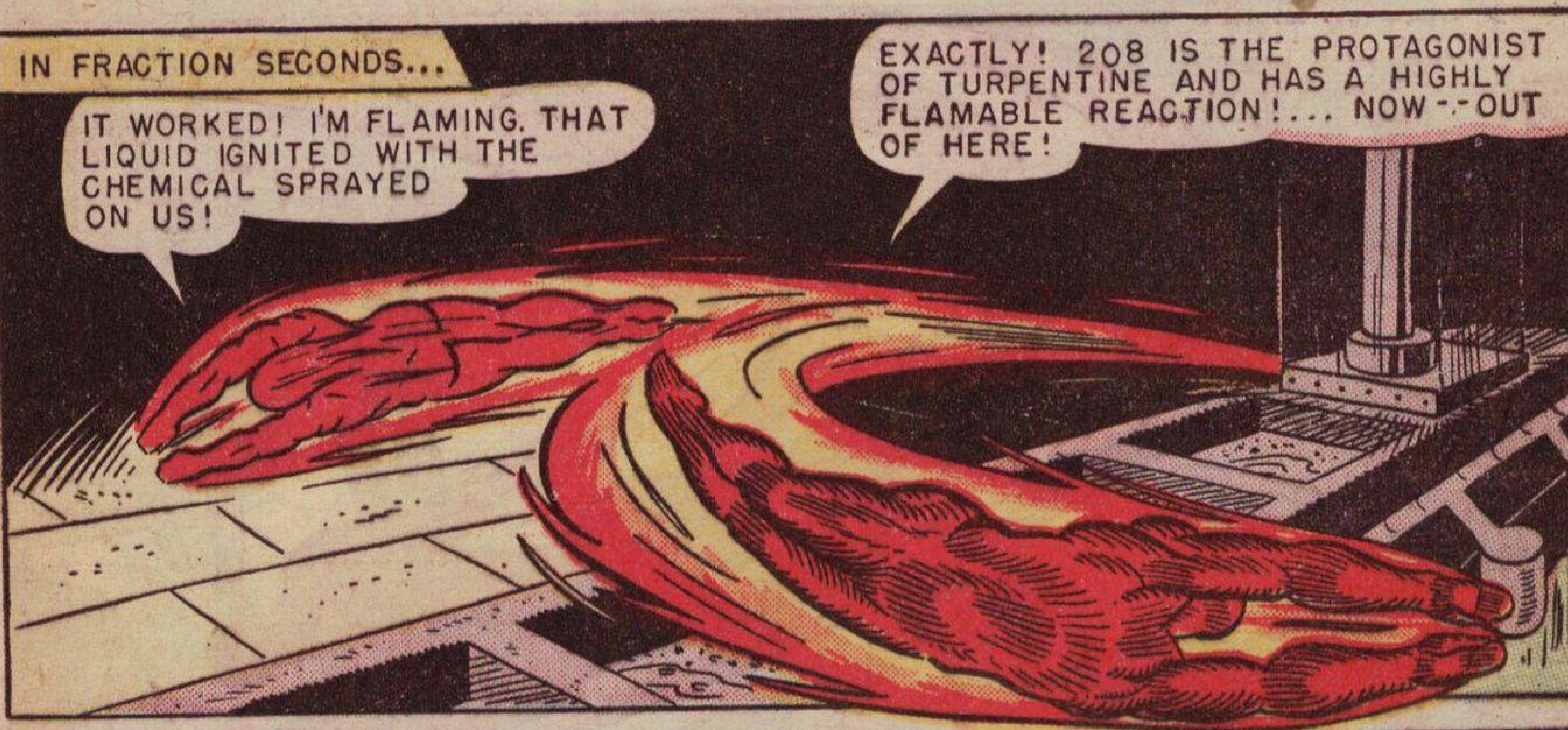

AT THE CHEMIST'S...
YES - I CAN GIVE YOU THE ANALYSIS. BUT IT'LL TAKE SOME TIME. WILL YOU WAIT?
MIGHT AS WELL, DICK!
WE'VE NOTHING ELSE TO DO RIGHT NOW.
AND -- IN THELMA ADAMS' APARTMENT..
...AND BOB FIELDING HAS BEEN TAKEN INTO CUSTODY FOR THE MURDER...
ONLY ELAINE AND I ARE LEFT TO SHARE THAT FORTUNE... HA, IF I HAD WAITED FOR JOHN TO DIE NATURALLY... AND ROGER... AH, THE PHONE... THE PLANE MUST HAVE ARRIVED.
THELMA? IT'S ED. JUST CAME IN FROM CHICAGO. I HAVE ALL MALCOLM'S BUSINESS TRANSACTED. NO ONE KNOWS THE DIF...
PERFECT! MALC'S BEEN WAITING AT YOUR PLACE FOR 4 DAYS. IT MAKES A GRAND HIDE-OUT--- GO RIGHT OVER THERE.
LET'S RETURN TO THE LAB..
THE BASIC ESSENCE IN THAT PERFUME SUBSTANCE IS KISMAC BARK. ONLY ONE PERFUMERY IN THE CITY MAKES IT. THE MONTROSE PERFUMERY ON GRAND STREET.
THANKS! WE'LL GO RIGHT OVER.
WE'RE IN LUCK. SOMEONE'S STILL THERE! WE'LL GO RIGHT IN THROUGH THAT OPEN WINDOW.
WHAT CONVENIENCE!
THAT MAN! I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE! YES, IN A PICTURE AT THELMA'S HOME... IT'S MALCOLM, HER BROTHER!
THE TORCH! TORO! THEN YOU'VE FOUND OUT---

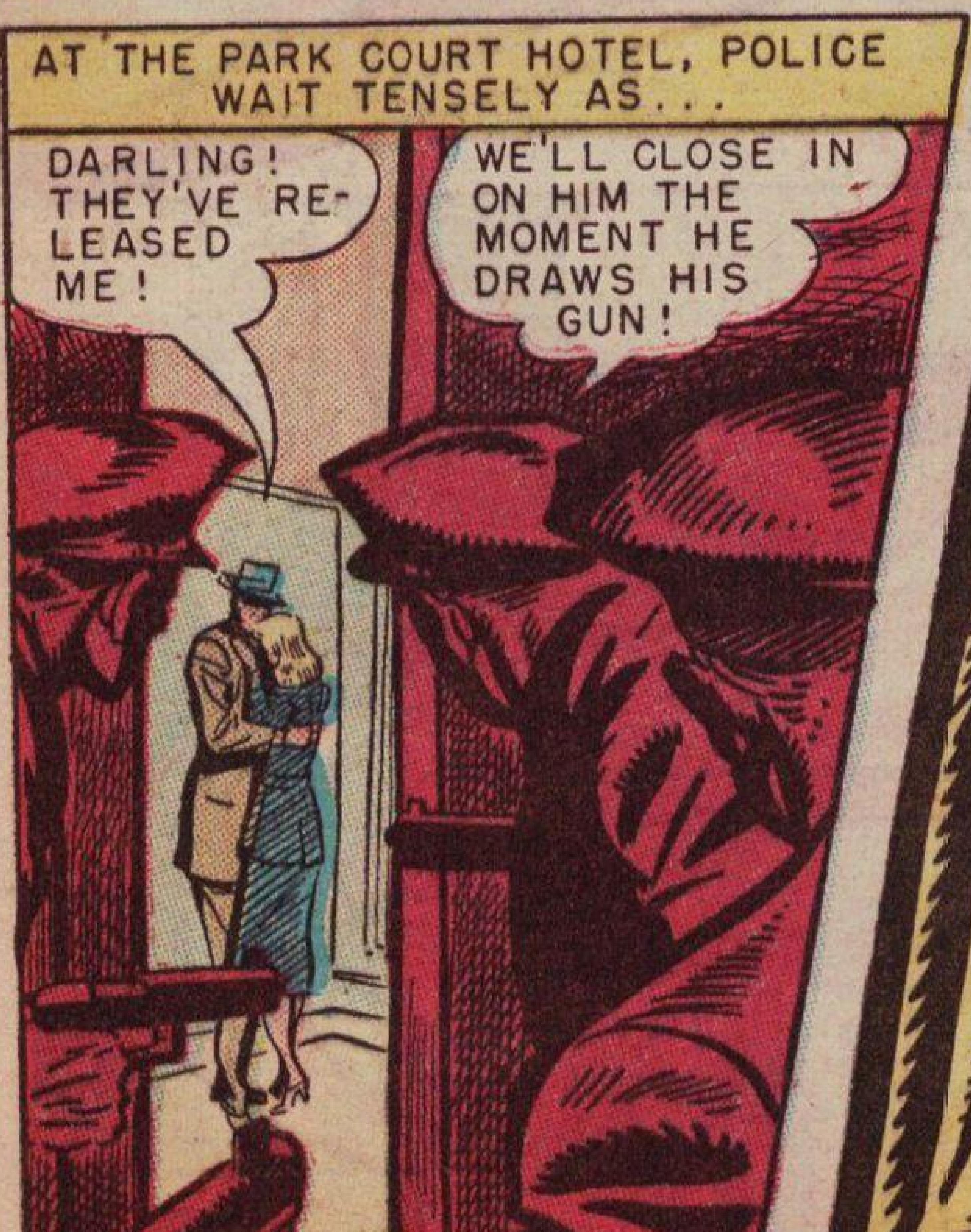
SO **YOU'RE** THE KILLER! YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BULLETS, MALCOLM!... YOU'LL TELL THE SERGEANT YOU WEREN'T IN CHICAGO! THAT YOU WERE HERE COMMITTING MURDER WHILE SOMEONE MADE THE TRIP IN YOUR PLACE!
SUDDENLY!
AND **I'M** THE SOMEONE WHO WENT TO CHICAGO! MEET UP WITH MALCOLM'S COUSIN ED-HA HA HA! GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!
PHOSPHO GAS
VERY SOON...
THAT DOUBLE-DOSE PHOSPHO PUT THEM OUT COLD!
GOOD STUFF, ED! WE'LL TAKE THEM TO THE FLOWER ROOM. I'VE A GREAT PLAN FOR THEIR FINISH!
TORCH AND TORO AWAKEN PRISONERS AMONG EXOTIC BLOOMS!
YOU WENT IN SEARCH OF PERFUME! YOU'LL DIE AMONG IT!... THIS NEW MODEL COMPRESSOR WILL AUTOMATICALLY CRUSH EACH BIN OF BLOOMS, AND WHEN YOUR TURN COMES--- HA HA!
AND DON'T THINK YOU CAN FLAME OUT OF THIS, BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN SPRAYED WITH FIRE RESISTANT CHEMICAL 208!

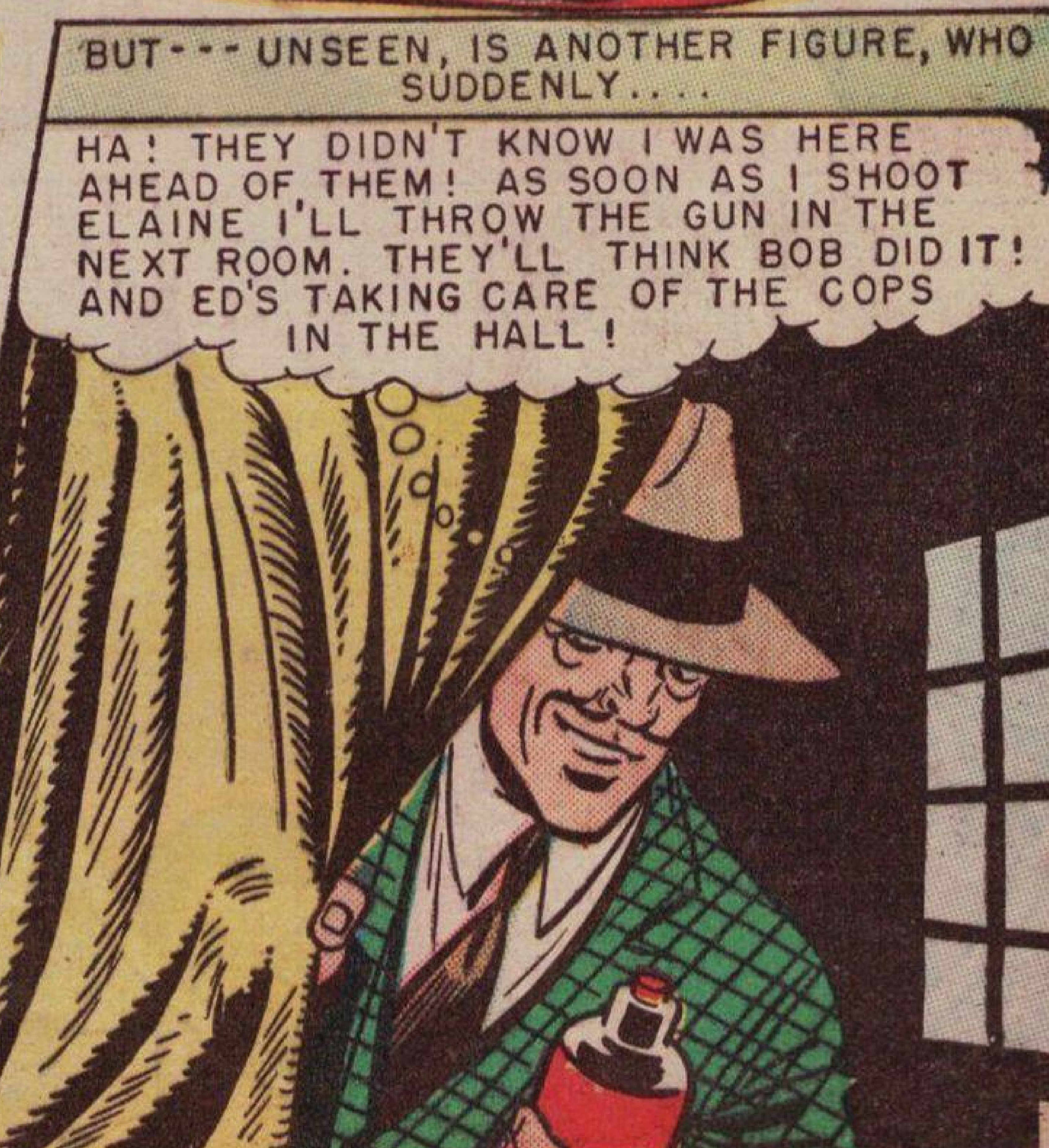
SOON, THE CRUSHER BEGINS ITS WORK OF DEATH!
WHAT A FIX! AND NO WAY OUT! OF ALL THE WAYS TO DIE, THIS IS THE WORST!
IF WE COULD FLAME A LITTLE. NO, CAN'T DO IT ...ELAINE'S LIFE MAY BE IN DANGER NOW TOO!
NOTHING HERE TO HELP US, JUST FLOWERS...GOSH! THOSE RED FLOWERS LOOK LIKE FIRE. THEY OUGHT TO BE JUST THE THING FOR OUR TOMB!
SAY---TORO, YOU'VE HIT IT! YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA! IT'S OUR ONE CHANCE! LAD, WE'VE GOT TO TRANSFER THOSE FLOWERS TO THE BIN ON THE RIGHT OF US..WE MUST PUT AS MANY THERE AS POSSIBLE BEFORE THE COMPRESSOR REACHES US! HURRY, LAD!
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN.
IF WE GET RID OF ELAINE TOO, I GET THE ENTIRE FORTUNE!
BUT WITH BOB IN JAIL, THE POLICE'LL KNOW THAT SOMEONE ELSE MUST'VE KILLED HER. IT'LL GIVE THE SHOW AWAY!
NOT IF BOB IS RELEASED FROM JAIL! THEN, ELAINE'S DEATH'LL BE PINNED ON HIM TOO! LEAVE IT TO ME TO MANAGE THIS!
A SILVER-TONGUED MALCOLM USES PERSUASION!
AND BOB HASN'T CONFESSED YET? AS THE LATE BASCOMB'S LAWYER, I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE JUSTICE DONE. WHY NOT RELEASE HIM NOW, THEN CATCH HIM IN THE ACT OF COMMITTING MURDER?
CATCH HIM? SAY— YOU'RE RIGHT!
HIS MOTIVE IS REVENGE. ELAINE'LL BE HIS NEXT VICTIM. SHE'S HOME NOW. WE'LL PUT PLENTY OF MEN ON GUARD AND NAB BOB AS HE'S ABOUT TO KILL HER! I'LL RELEASE YOUNG FIELDING RIGHT AWAY!


WHILE IN THE SCENTED ROOM OF DEATH!
THERE!! THAT 'TURPONO-RESIN' SPECIES IS FULL OF TURPENTINE-FLUID – AND IF THE FORCE OF THAT COMPRESSOR ACTS THE WAY I THINK IT WILL...

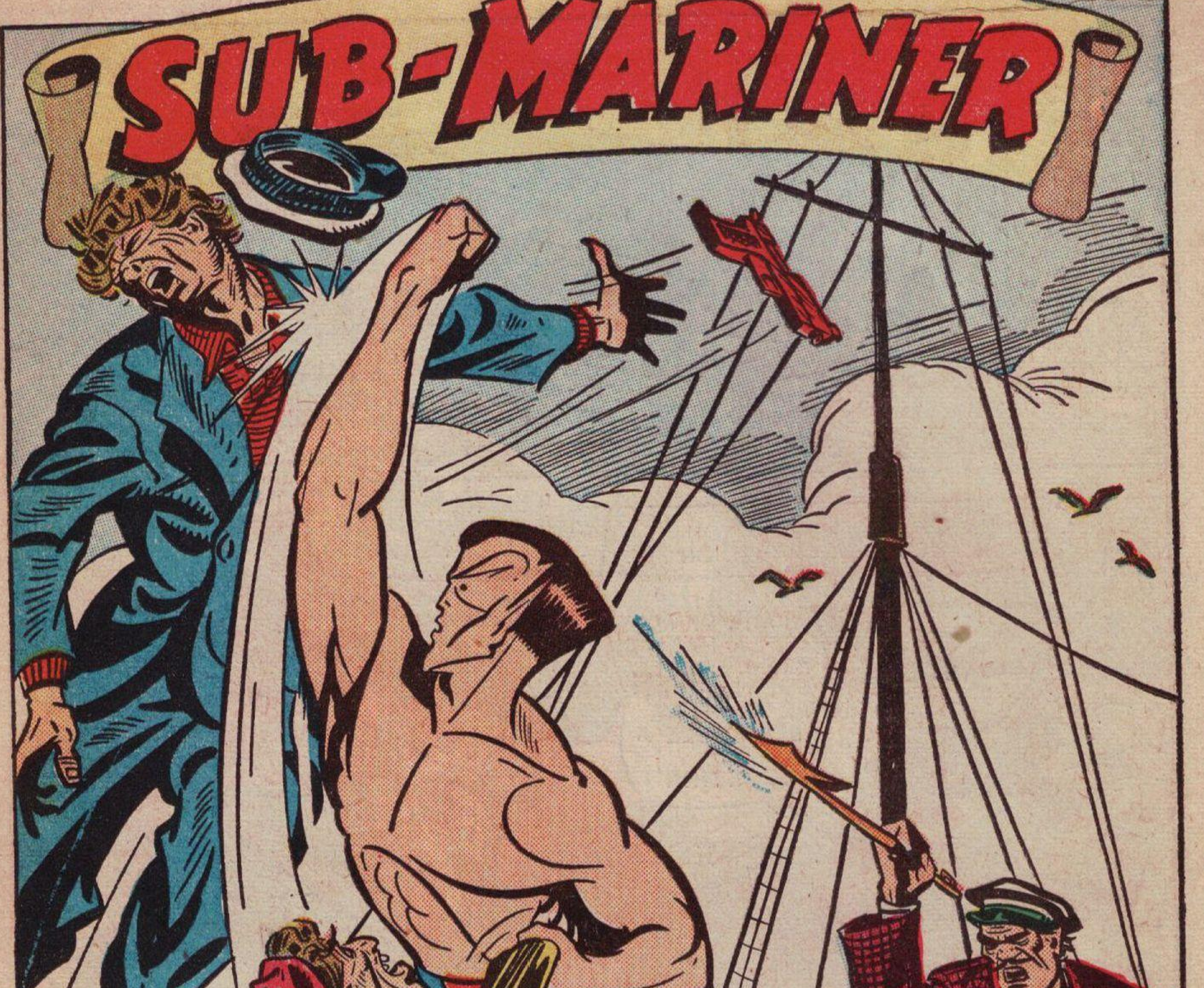

AS THE PLUNGING SPIKE-EDGED MACHINE PIERCES THE PLANTS...
WE'RE GETTING A SHOWER! AND NOW I GET YOUR IDEA!
THAT'S RIGHT! WE'LL RUB THAT STUFF OVER OURSELVES AS FAST AS WE CAN!


IN FRACTION SECONDS...
IT WORKED! I'M FLAMING. THAT LIQUID IGNITED WITH THE CHEMICAL SPRAYED ON US!
EXACTLY! 208 IS THE PROTAGONIST OF TURPENTINE AND HAS A HIGHLY FLAMABLE REACTION!... NOW--OUT OF HERE!


AT THE PARK COURT HOTEL, POLICE WAIT TENSELY AS...
DARLING! THEY'VE RELEASED ME!
WE'LL CLOSE IN ON HIM THE MOMENT HE DRAWS HIS GUN!


BUT--- UNSEEN, IS ANOTHER FIGURE, WHO SUDDENLY...
HA! THEY DIDN'T KNOW I WAS HERE AHEAD OF THEM! AS SOON AS I SHOOT ELAINE I'LL THROW THE GUN IN THE NEXT ROOM. THEY'LL THINK BOB DID IT! AND ED'S TAKING CARE OF THE COPS IN THE HALL!

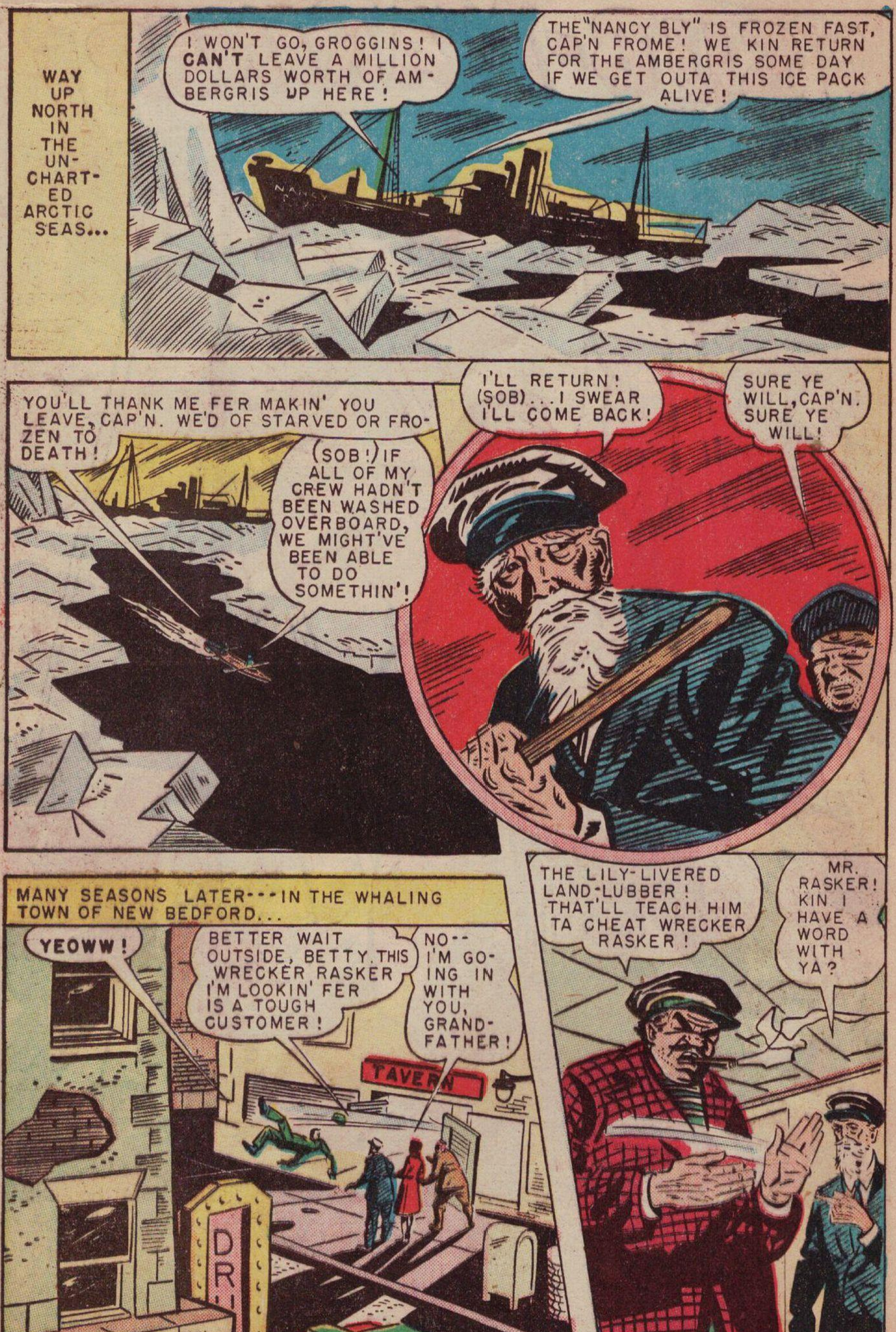
AT THE SAME TIME...
HA HA... IN ONE MOMENT!
PHOSP GAS
BUT, THE NEXT MOMENT!
SO YOUR CRIME WAVE IS STILL ON! THIS IS THE END! TORO! INSIDE!
JUST IN TIME!
ULP!
LATER... AT HEADQUARTERS...
WE FOUND OUT ABOUT JOHN BASCOMB'S FEUD WITH KENNETH FIELDING AND THAT BOB WAS KENNETH'S SON SO WE DECIDED TO DO THE MURDERS USING THE GOLDEN CALF REVENGE IDEA TO PUT SUSPICION ON BOB!
SO YOU TRIED TO PRODUCE A SCAPE-GOAT...
THROUGH A GOLDEN CALF!... QUITE A MIX-UP IN ZOOLOGY!
BUT ELAINE AND I ARE STRAIGHTENED OUT... THANKS TO YOU AND TORO!
THE END



THERE'S A FABULOUS TREASURE HIDDEN IN THE PERILOUS, POLAR WASTES, WHERE LURKS THE BLUE WHALE, TERROR OF THE DEEP! ONLY OLD CAP'N FROME KNOWS WHERE THE TREASURE IS, WHICH MAKES HIM THE TARGET FOR A GANG OF CUT-THROATS! BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO LOAD THIS CARGO OF THRILLS ABOARD THE WHALER "SEA DOG", AND SIGN ON WITH THE MIGHTY **SUB-MARINER** FOR

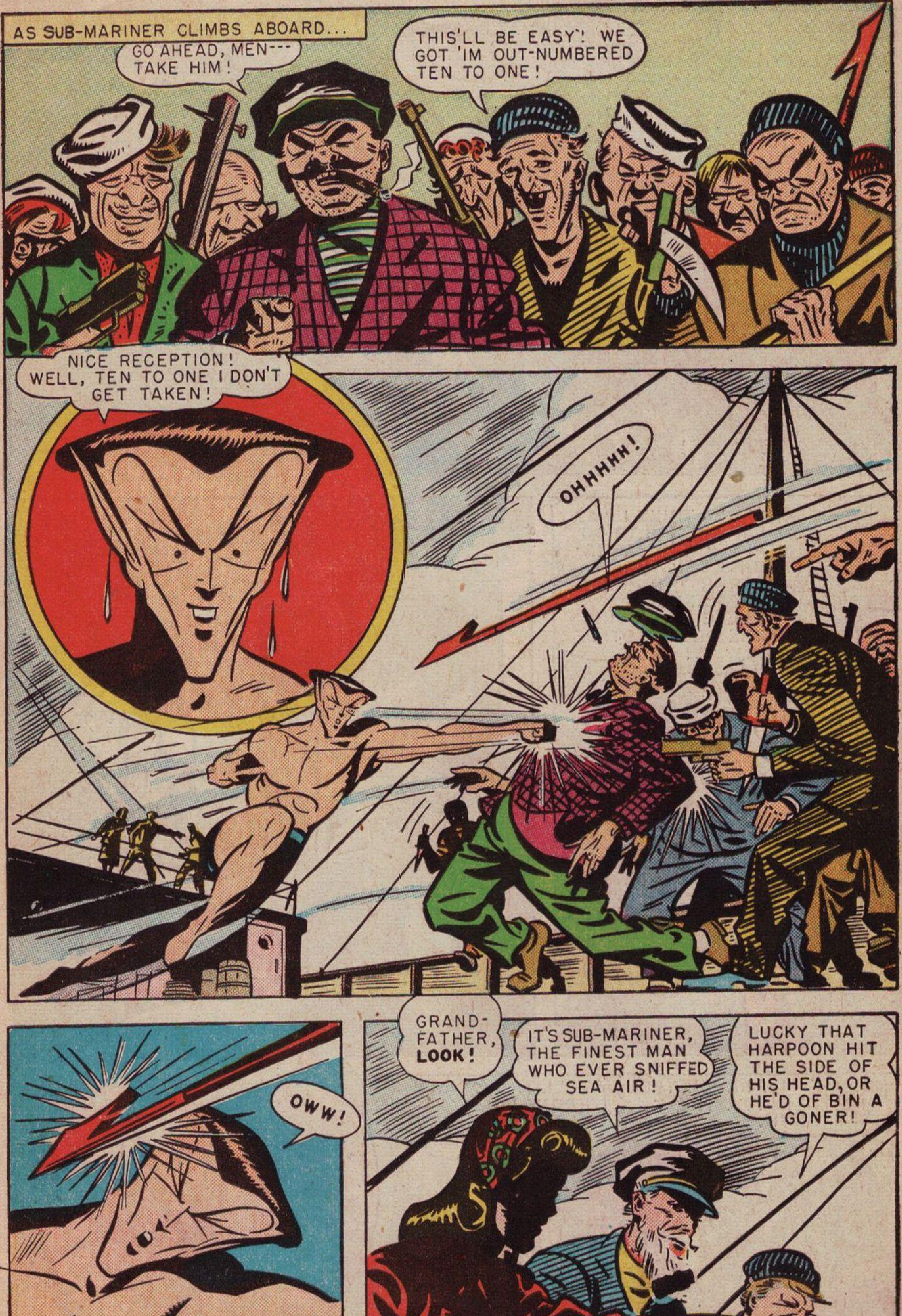
"THE LAST VOYAGE OF CAP'N FROME!"

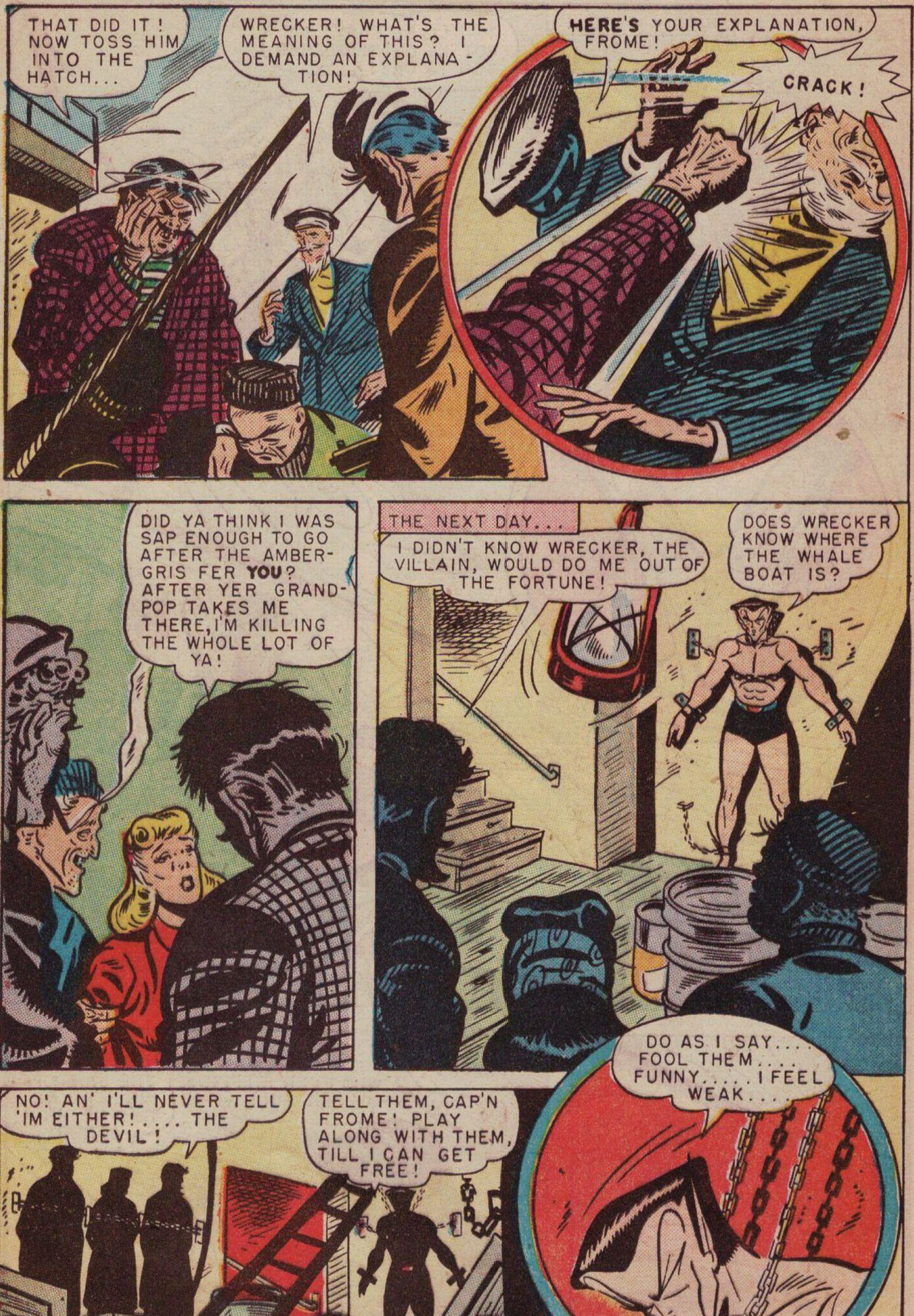
R-355

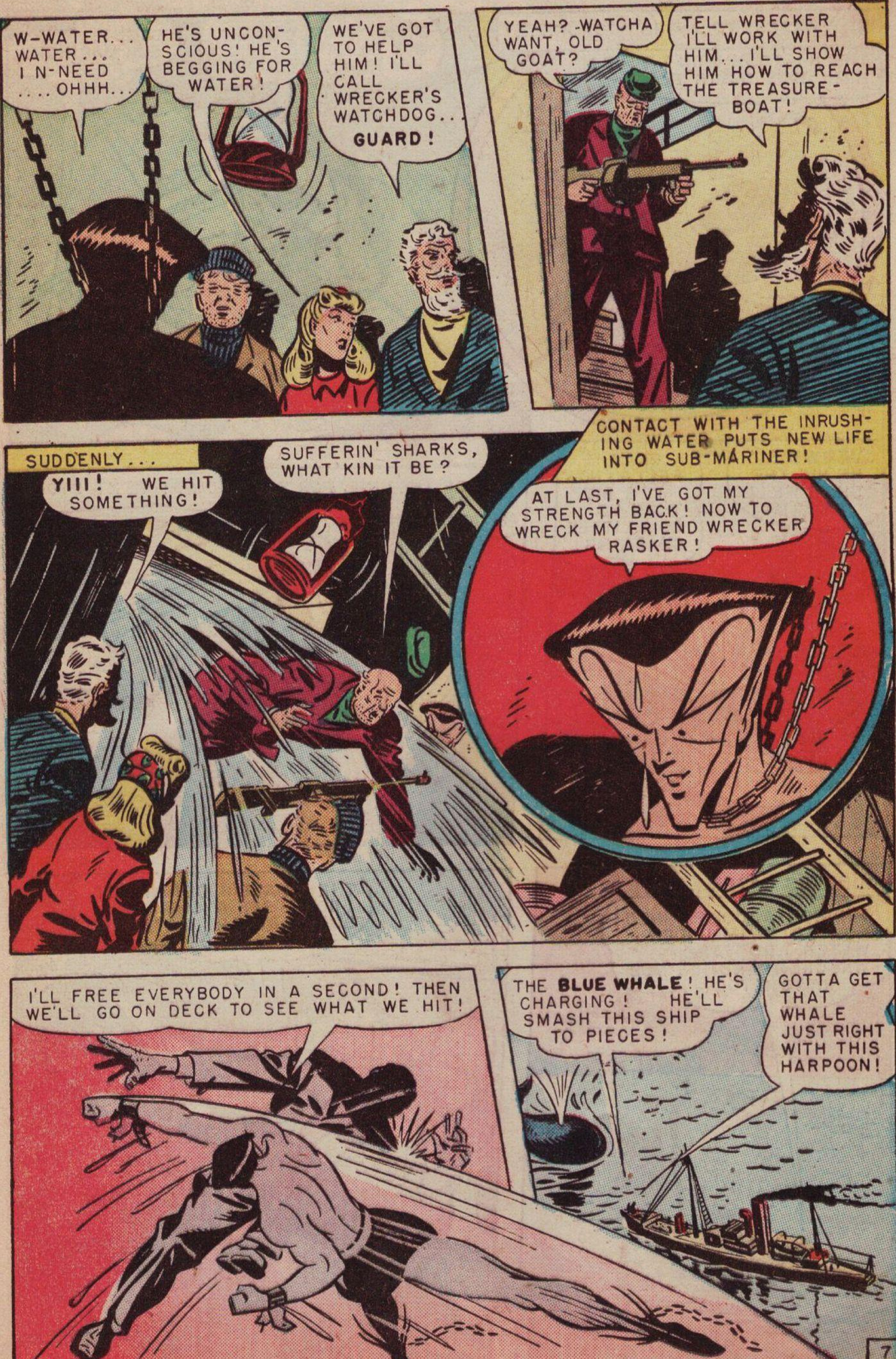

WAY UP NORTH IN THE UN-CHARTED ARCTIC SEAS...
I WON'T GO, GROGGINS! I **CAN'T** LEAVE A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF AMBERGRIS UP HERE!
THE "NANCY BLY" IS FROZEN FAST, CAP'N FROME! WE KIN RETURN FOR THE AMBERGRIS SOME DAY IF WE GET OUTA THIS ICE PACK ALIVE!
NANCY
YOU'LL THANK ME FER MAKIN' YOU LEAVE, CAP'N. WE'D OF STARVED OR FROZEN TO DEATH!
(SOB!) IF ALL OF MY CREW HADN'T BEEN WASHED OVERBOARD, WE MIGHT'VE BEEN ABLE TO DO SOMETHIN'!
I'LL RETURN! (SOB)... I SWEAR I'LL COME BACK!
SURE YE WILL, CAP'N. SURE YE WILL!
MANY SEASONS LATER---IN THE WHALING TOWN OF NEW BEDFORD...
YEOWW!
BETTER WAIT OUTSIDE, BETTY. THIS WRECKER RASKER I'M LOOKIN' FER IS A TOUGH CUSTOMER!
NO--I'M GOING IN WITH YOU, GRANDFATHER!
TAVERN
DRI
THE LILY-LIVERED LAND-LUBBER! THAT'LL TEACH HIM TA CHEAT WRECKER RASKER!
MR. RASKER! KIN I HAVE A WORD WITH YA?

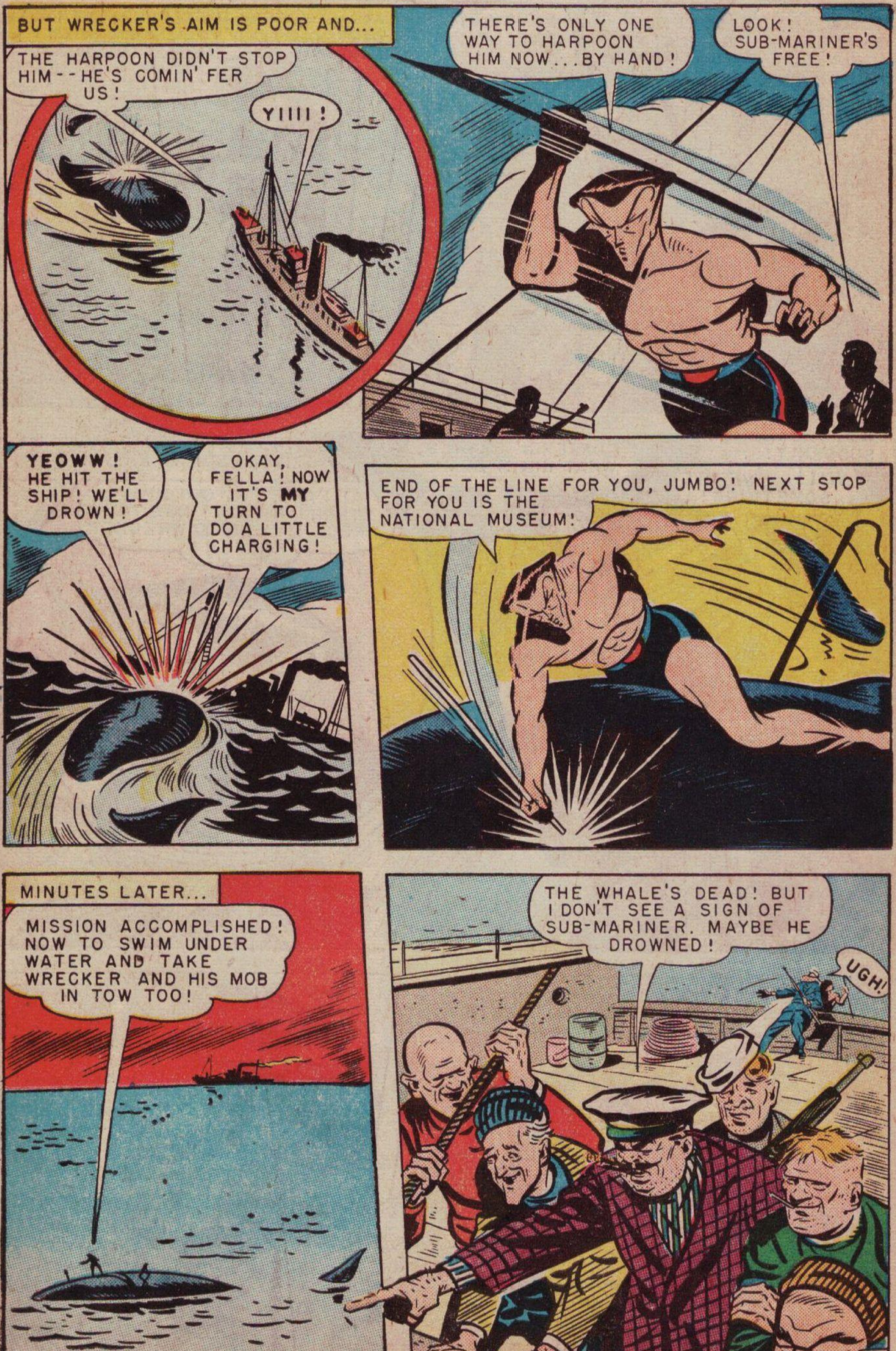
MY NAME'S FROME — CAP'N FROME! AN' I'M LOOKING FER A SHIP AN' CREW TO HELP ME GET BACK A MILLION DOLLAR CARGO I LOST!
DID YOU SAY A MILLION DOLLAR CARGO?
AYE: IT'S AMBERGRIS. I'M DEAD BROKE. MY SHIP AN' HER CREW'S GONE, BUT I'M MAKIN' ONE LAST VOYAGE TO GIT THAT AMBERGRIS BACK. BUT I GOTTA WARN YA, IT'S IN THE WORST ICE-BERG AN' MAN-EATIN' WHALE TERRITORY IN THE WORLD!
IT'S A DEAL, FROME! I GOT A SHIP AN' CREW READY TA SAIL TONIGHT! ALL I'M WORRYIN' ABOUT IS FINDIN' THE AMBERGRIS FER YOU, O'COURSE!
MEANWHILE, IN THE CURATOR'S OFFICE OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM...
THAT'S THE BLUE WHALE, THE ONLY KIND WE DON'T HAVE A SPECIMEN OF! AND FOR GOOD REASON... IT'S THE MOST FEROCIOUS WHALE IN THE WORLD... A SHIP SMASHER, AND... A MAN-EATER!
GOOD! ..... I LIKE COMPETITION!
SO LONG, PROFESSOR. I'M OFF TO NEW BEDFORD... I'LL TRY TO BRING BACK YOUR BLUE WHALE!
THE BEST OF LUCK, SUB-MARINER! ....YOU'LL NEED IT!
THE NEXT MORNING, IN NEW BEDFORD....
YOU JUST MISSED THE LAST WHALER IN TOWN .... THE "SEA DOG"! IT'S WRECKER RASKER'S CRAFT. SHE LEFT LAST NIGHT FOR POLAR WATERS.
THE "SEA DOG," EH? AND SHE'S GOING MY WAY... I'LL OVER TAKE HER!

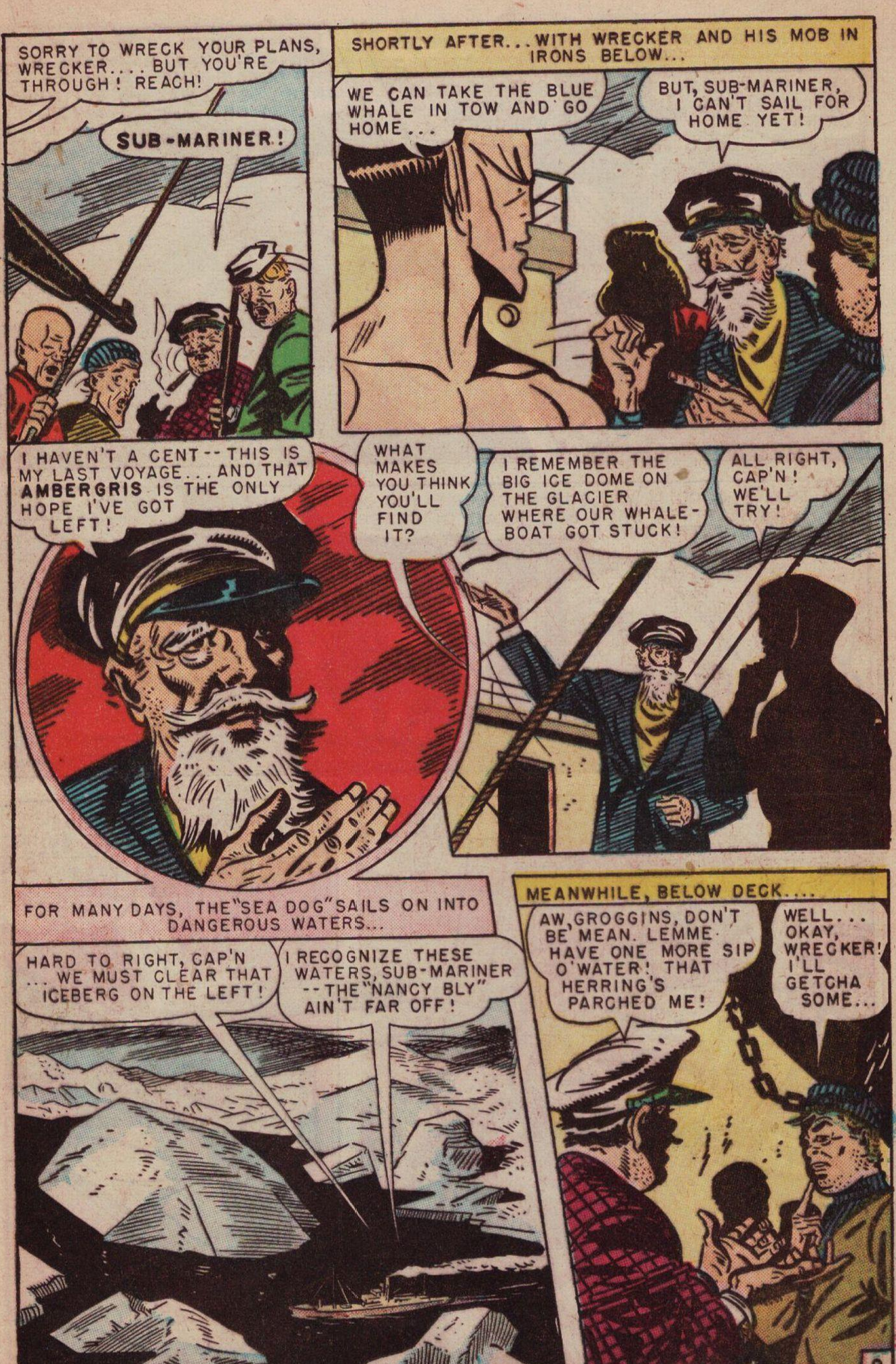
BY GUM! NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING! HE'S GONNA SWIM AFTER RASKER'S BOAT!
AND SO SUB-MARINER, LORD OF THE SEA, KNIFES THROUGH THE WATER IN PURSUIT OF THE "SEA DOG" · AND UNKNOWN ADVENTURE!
HOURS LATER...
MAN SWIMMIN' OFF THE STERN! LOOKS LIKE SUB-MARINER!
SUB-MARINER! WHAT'S HE WANT? MAYBE HE'S WISE TO OUR GAME!
DO WE LET HIM HAVE IT WHEN HE COMES ABOARD?
NO, WE KIN USE 'IM! JUST JUMP HIM AND TAKE HIM PRISONER!
AHOY, THERE, MATE! CAN YOU TAKE AN EXTRA PASSENGER? I HEARD YOU'RE HEADING MY WAY!
SURE, WE'LL TAKE YOU ALONG!

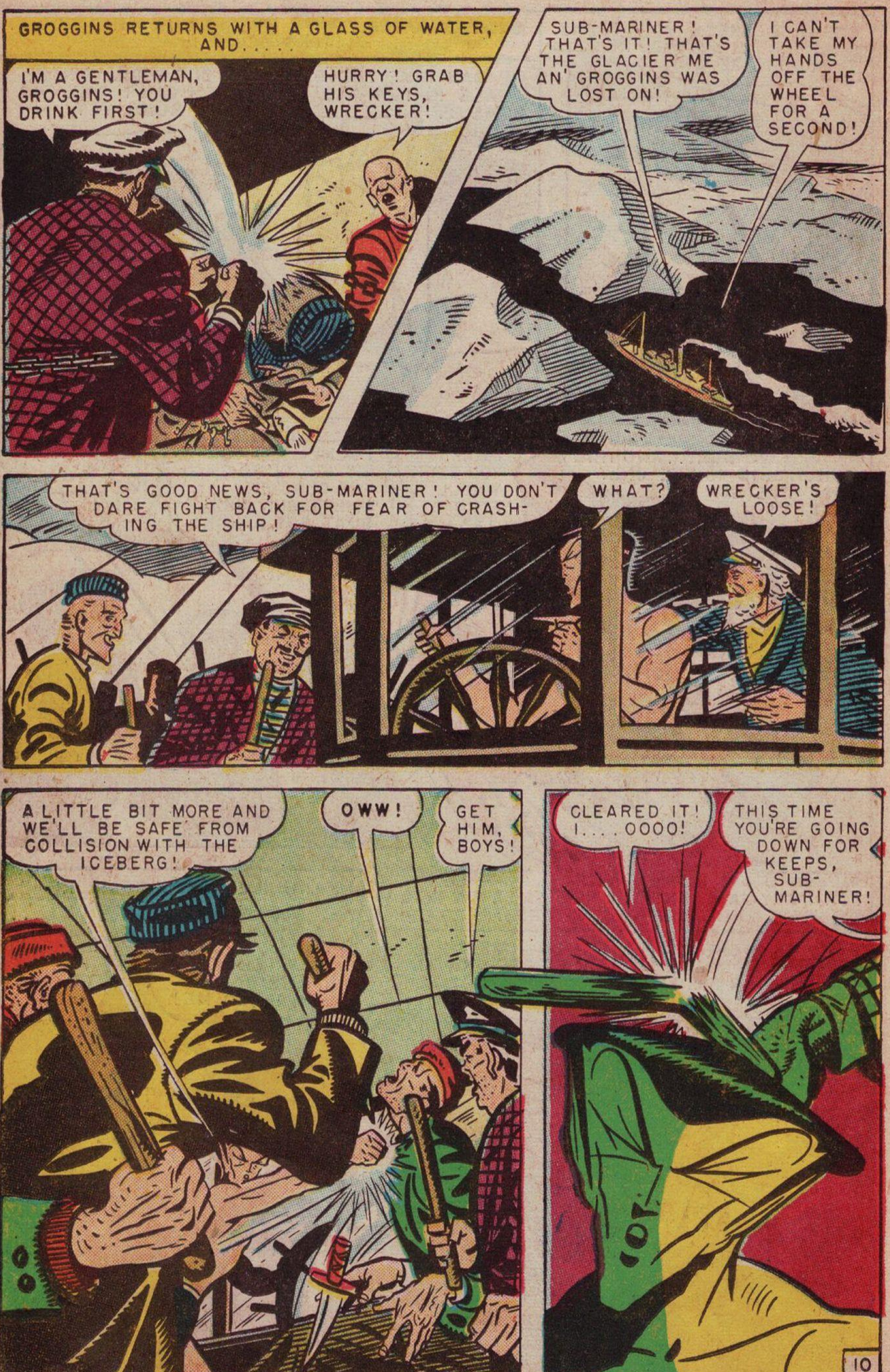

AS SUB-MARINER CLIMBS ABOARD...
GO AHEAD, MEN--- TAKE HIM!
THIS'LL BE EASY! WE GOT 'IM OUT-NUMBERED TEN TO ONE!
NICE RECEPTION! WELL, TEN TO ONE I DON'T GET TAKEN!
OHHHHH!
OWW!
GRAND-FATHER, **LOOK!**
IT'S SUB-MARINER, THE FINEST MAN WHO EVER SNIFFED SEA AIR!
LUCKY THAT HARPOON HIT THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD, OR HE'D OF BIN A GONER!

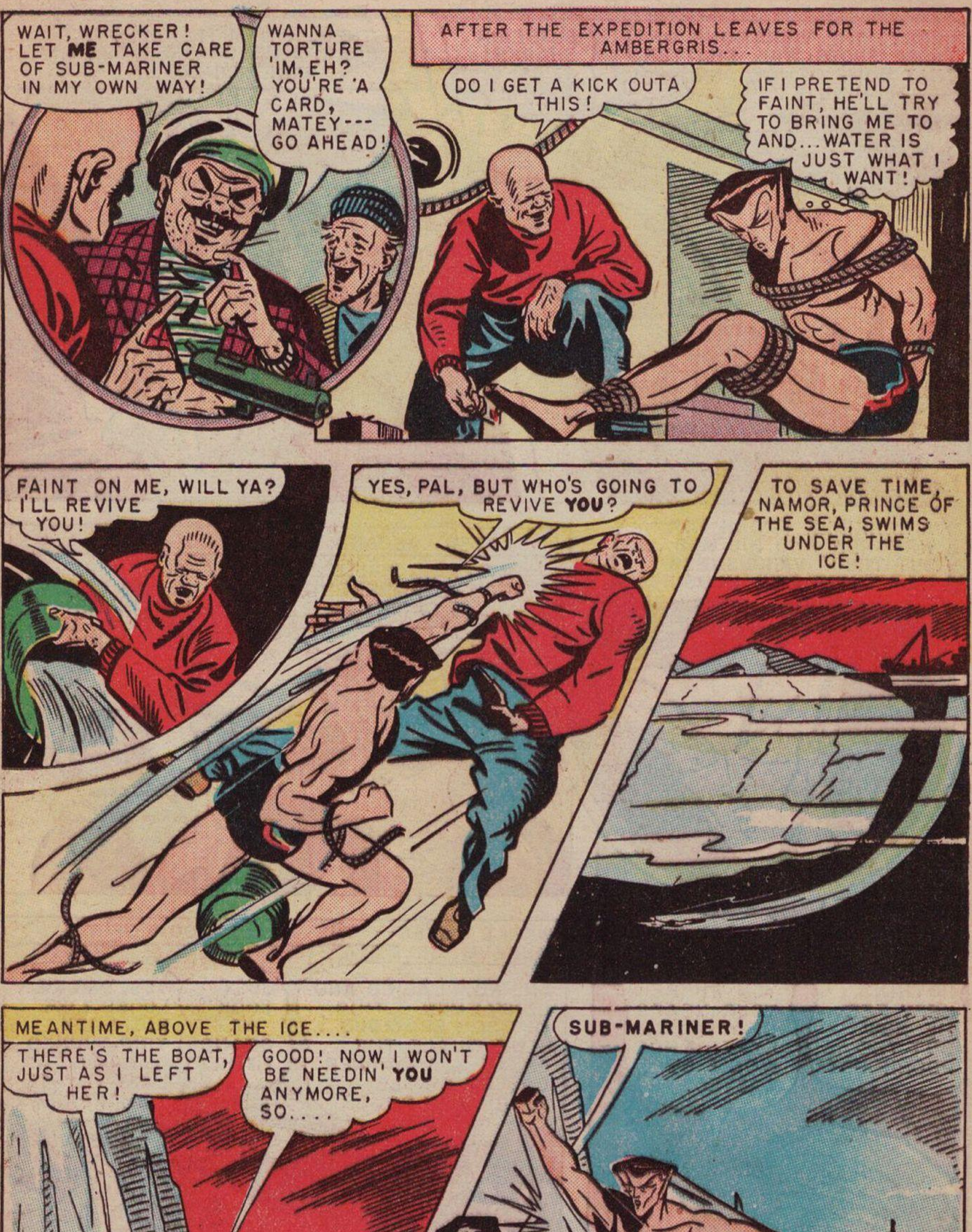

THAT DID IT! NOW TOSS HIM INTO THE HATCH...
WRECKER! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION!
HERE'S YOUR EXPLANATION, FROME!
CRACK!
DID YA THINK I WAS SAP ENOUGH TO GO AFTER THE AMBERGRIS FER **YOU**? AFTER YER GRANDPOP TAKES ME THERE, I'M KILLING THE WHOLE LOT OF YA!
THE NEXT DAY...
I DIDN'T KNOW WRECKER, THE VILLAIN, WOULD DO ME OUT OF THE FORTUNE!
DOES WRECKER KNOW WHERE THE WHALE BOAT IS?
NO! AN' I'LL NEVER TELL 'IM EITHER! .... THE DEVIL!
TELL THEM, CAP'N FROME! PLAY ALONG WITH THEM, TILL I CAN GET FREE!
DO AS I SAY... FOOL THEM.... FUNNY..... I FEEL WEAK....

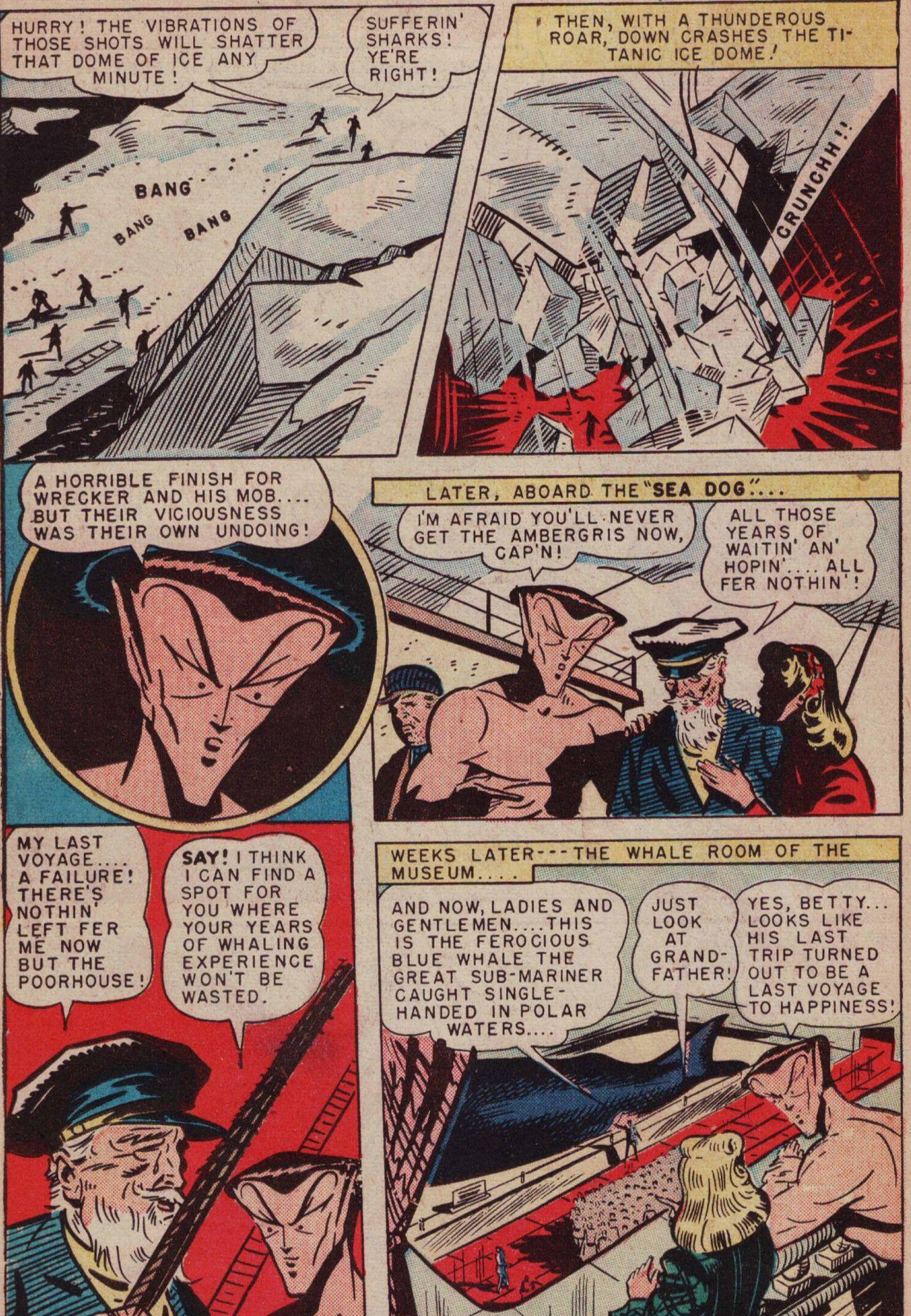

W-WATER... WATER... I N-NEED ....OHHH...
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! HE'S BEGGING FOR WATER!
WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM! I'LL CALL WRECKER'S WATCHDOG.. GUARD!
YEAH? -WATCHA WANT, OLD GOAT?
TELL WRECKER I'LL WORK WITH HIM... I'LL SHOW HIM HOW TO REACH THE TREASURE-BOAT!
SUDDENLY...
YIII! WE HIT SOMETHING!
SUFFERIN' SHARKS, WHAT KIN IT BE?
CONTACT WITH THE INRUSHING WATER PUTS NEW LIFE INTO SUB-MARINER!
AT LAST, I'VE GOT MY STRENGTH BACK! NOW TO WRECK MY FRIEND WRECKER RASKER!
I'LL FREE EVERYBODY IN A SECOND! THEN WE'LL GO ON DECK TO SEE WHAT WE HIT!
THE BLUE WHALE! HE'S CHARGING! HE'LL SMASH THIS SHIP TO PIECES!
GOTTA GET THAT WHALE JUST RIGHT WITH THIS HARPOON!


BUT WRECKER'S AIM IS POOR AND...
THE HARPOON DIDN'T STOP HIM--HE'S COMIN' FER US!
YIIII!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO HARPOON HIM NOW...BY HAND!
LOOK! SUB-MARINER'S FREE!
YEOWW! HE HIT THE SHIP! WE'LL DROWN!
OKAY, FELLA! NOW IT'S MY TURN TO DO A LITTLE CHARGING!
END OF THE LINE FOR YOU, JUMBO! NEXT STOP FOR YOU IS THE NATIONAL MUSEUM!
MINUTES LATER...
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED! NOW TO SWIM UNDER WATER AND TAKE WRECKER AND HIS MOB IN TOW TOO!
THE WHALE'S DEAD! BUT I DON'T SEE A SIGN OF SUB-MARINER. MAYBE HE DROWNED!
UGH!


SORRY TO WRECK YOUR PLANS, WRECKER.... BUT YOU'RE THROUGH! REACH!
SUB-MARINER!
SHORTLY AFTER...WITH WRECKER AND HIS MOB IN IRONS BELOW...
WE CAN TAKE THE BLUE WHALE IN TOW AND GO HOME...
BUT, SUB-MARINER, I CAN'T SAIL FOR HOME YET!
I HAVEN'T A CENT -- THIS IS MY LAST VOYAGE... AND THAT AMBERGRIS IS THE ONLY HOPE I'VE GOT LEFT!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'LL FIND IT?
I REMEMBER THE BIG ICE DOME ON THE GLACIER WHERE OUR WHALE-BOAT GOT STUCK!
ALL RIGHT, CAP'N! WE'LL TRY!
FOR MANY DAYS, THE "SEA DOG" SAILS ON INTO DANGEROUS WATERS...
HARD TO RIGHT, CAP'N ... WE MUST CLEAR THAT ICEBERG ON THE LEFT!
I RECOGNIZE THESE WATERS, SUB-MARINER -- THE "NANCY BLY" AIN'T FAR OFF!
MEANWHILE, BELOW DECK....
AW, GROGGINS, DON'T BE MEAN. LEMME HAVE ONE MORE SIP O' WATER! THAT HERRING'S PARCHED ME!
WELL... OKAY, WRECKER! I'LL GETCHA SOME...


GROGGINS RETURNS WITH A GLASS OF WATER, AND. . . . .
I'M A GENTLEMAN, GROGGINS! YOU DRINK FIRST!
HURRY! GRAB HIS KEYS, WRECKER!
SUB-MARINER! THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE GLACIER ME AN' GROGGINS WAS LOST ON!
I CAN'T TAKE MY HANDS OFF THE WHEEL FOR A SECOND!
THAT'S GOOD NEWS, SUB-MARINER! YOU DON'T DARE FIGHT BACK FOR FEAR OF CRASHING THE SHIP!
WHAT?
WRECKER'S LOOSE!
A LITTLE BIT MORE AND WE'LL BE SAFE FROM COLLISION WITH THE ICEBERG!
OWW!
GET HIM, BOYS!
CLEARED IT! I. . . . OOOO!
THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING DOWN FOR KEEPS, SUB-MARINER!


WAIT, WRECKER! LET ME TAKE CARE OF SUB-MARINER IN MY OWN WAY!
WANNA TORTURE 'IM, EH? YOU'RE A CARD, MATEY--- GO AHEAD!
AFTER THE EXPEDITION LEAVES FOR THE AMBERGRIS...
DO I GET A KICK OUTA THIS!
IF I PRETEND TO FAINT, HE'LL TRY TO BRING ME TO AND...WATER IS JUST WHAT I WANT!
FAINT ON ME, WILL YA? I'LL REVIVE YOU!
YES, PAL, BUT WHO'S GOING TO REVIVE YOU?
TO SAVE TIME, NAMOR, PRINCE OF THE SEA, SWIMS UNDER THE ICE!
MEANTIME, ABOVE THE ICE....
THERE'S THE BOAT, JUST AS I LEFT HER!
GOOD! NOW I WON'T BE NEEDIN' YOU ANYMORE, SO....
SUB-MARINER!

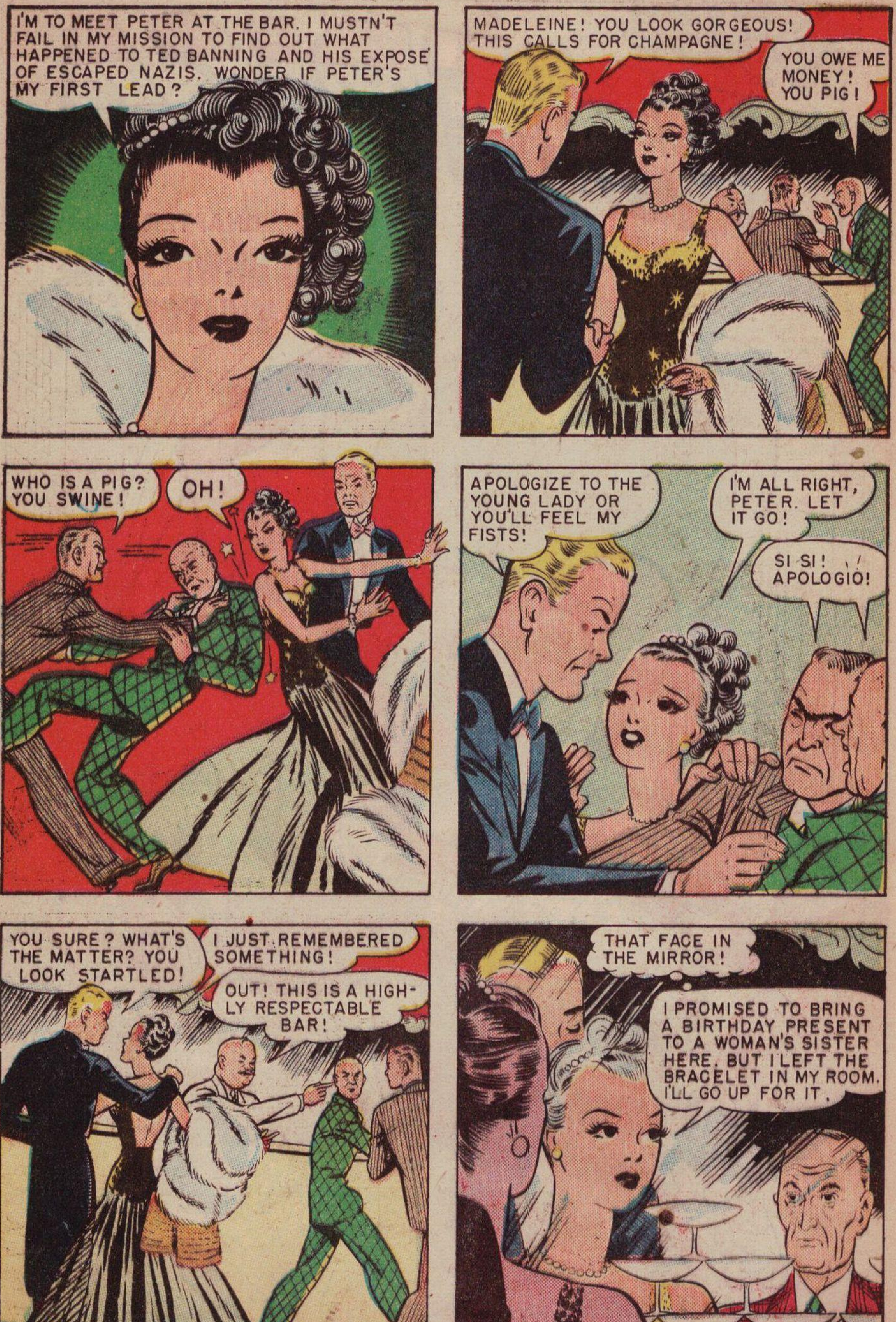

HURRY! THE VIBRATIONS OF THOSE SHOTS WILL SHATTER THAT DOME OF ICE ANY MINUTE!
SUFFERIN' SHARKS! YE'RE RIGHT!
BANG
BANG
BANG
THEN, WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR, DOWN CRASHES THE TITANIC ICE DOME!
CRUNCHH!!
A HORRIBLE FINISH FOR WRECKER AND HIS MOB.... BUT THEIR VICIOUSNESS WAS THEIR OWN UNDOING!
LATER, ABOARD THE "SEA DOG"...
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL NEVER GET THE AMBERGRIS NOW, CAP'N!
ALL THOSE YEARS OF WAITIN' AN' HOPIN'.... ALL FER NOTHIN'!
MY LAST VOYAGE.... A FAILURE! THERE'S NOTHIN' LEFT FER ME NOW BUT THE POORHOUSE!
SAY! I THINK I CAN FIND A SPOT FOR YOU WHERE YOUR YEARS OF WHALING EXPERIENCE WON'T BE WASTED.
WEEKS LATER---THE WHALE ROOM OF THE MUSEUM....
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.... THIS IS THE FEROCIOUS BLUE WHALE THE GREAT SUB-MARINER CAUGHT SINGLE-HANDED IN POLAR WATERS....
JUST LOOK AT GRANDFATHER!
YES, BETTY... LOOKS LIKE HIS LAST TRIP TURNED OUT TO BE A LAST VOYAGE TO HAPPINESS!
THE END

Miss AMERICA

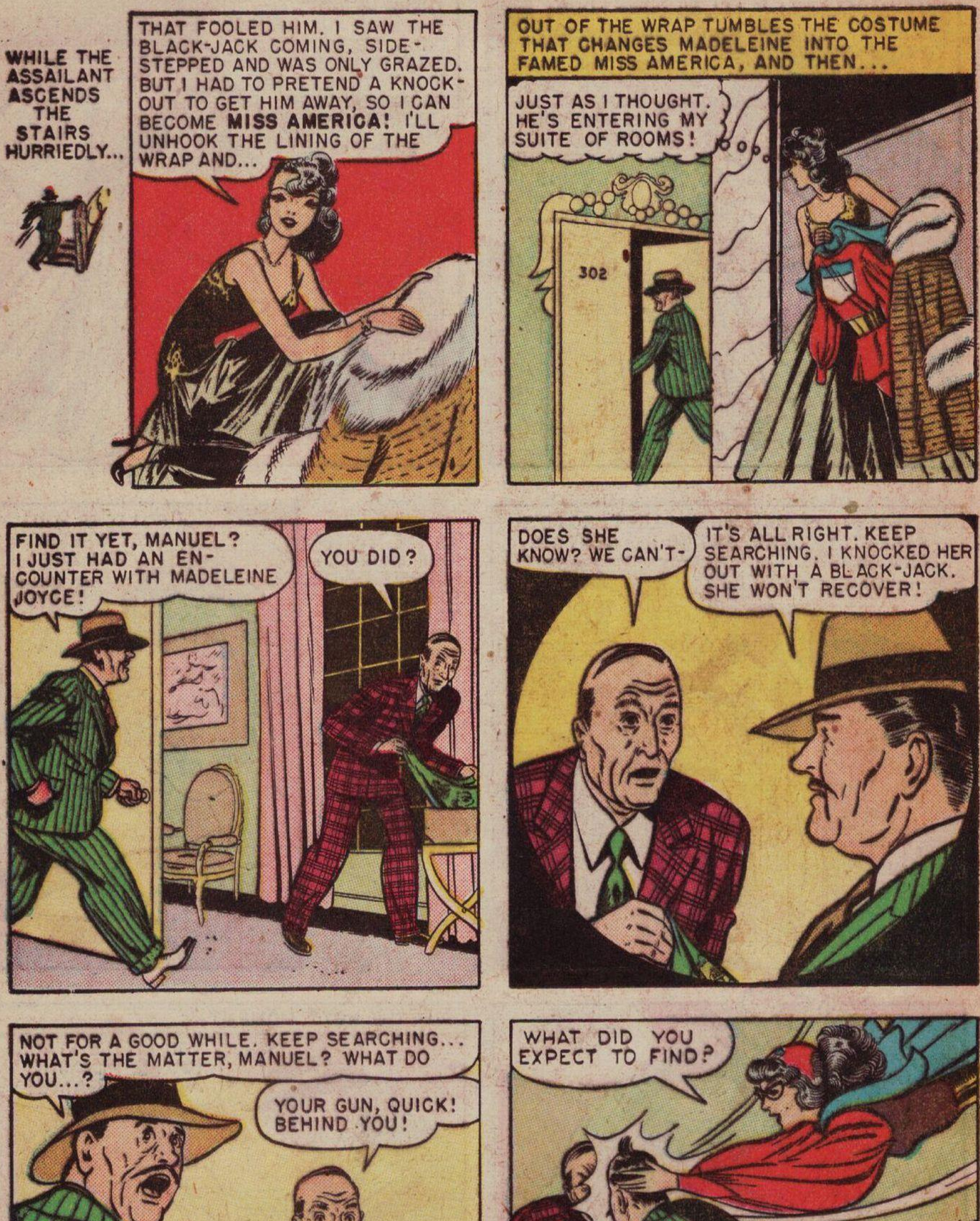
CHAPTER II

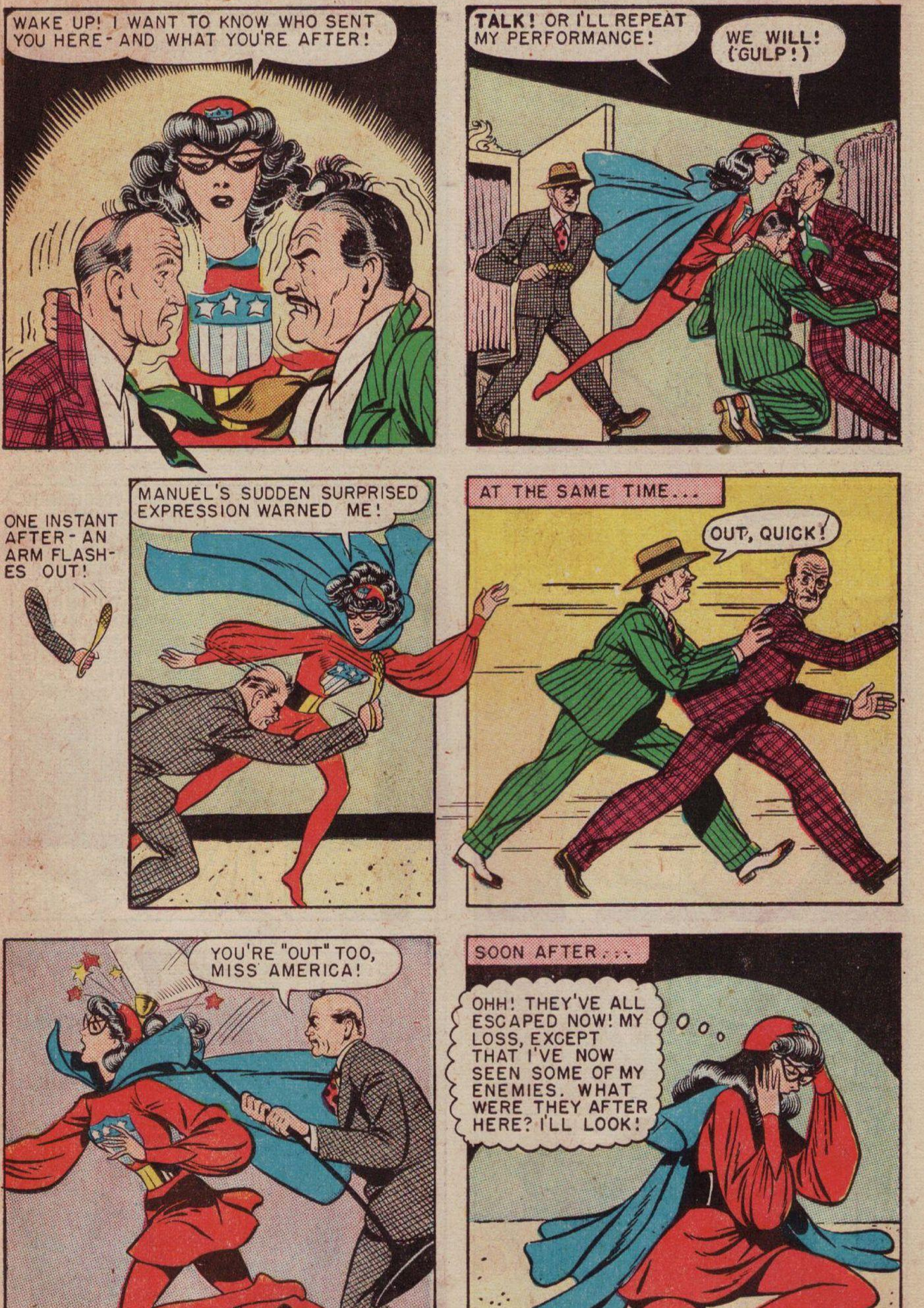
"AN UNWELCOME VISITOR!"

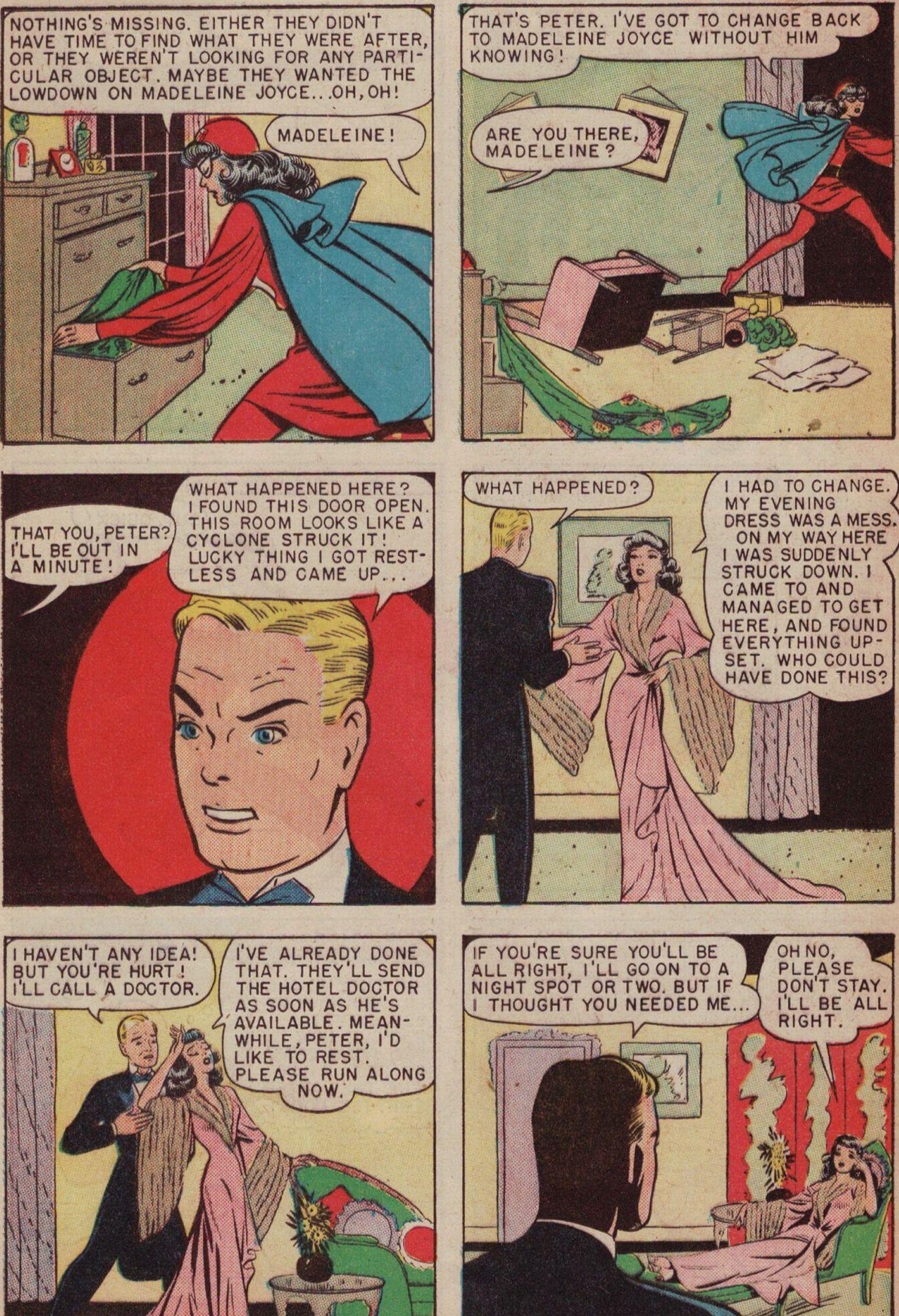
MADELEINE JOYCE, THE FAMED **MISS AMERICA,** HAS BEEN SENT TO BUENOS AIRES TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO COUNTERSPY OPERATOR TED BANNING, MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED, AND HIS VITAL EXPOSE LIST OF ESCAPED NAZIS! SUSPECTING THAT HANDSOME PETER CARR, A SELF-STYLED WRITER IS ENMESHED IN THE INTRIGUE, SHE HURRIES TO KEEP A DATE WITH HIM AT THE GRAND PALLAZIO HOTEL...
R-407

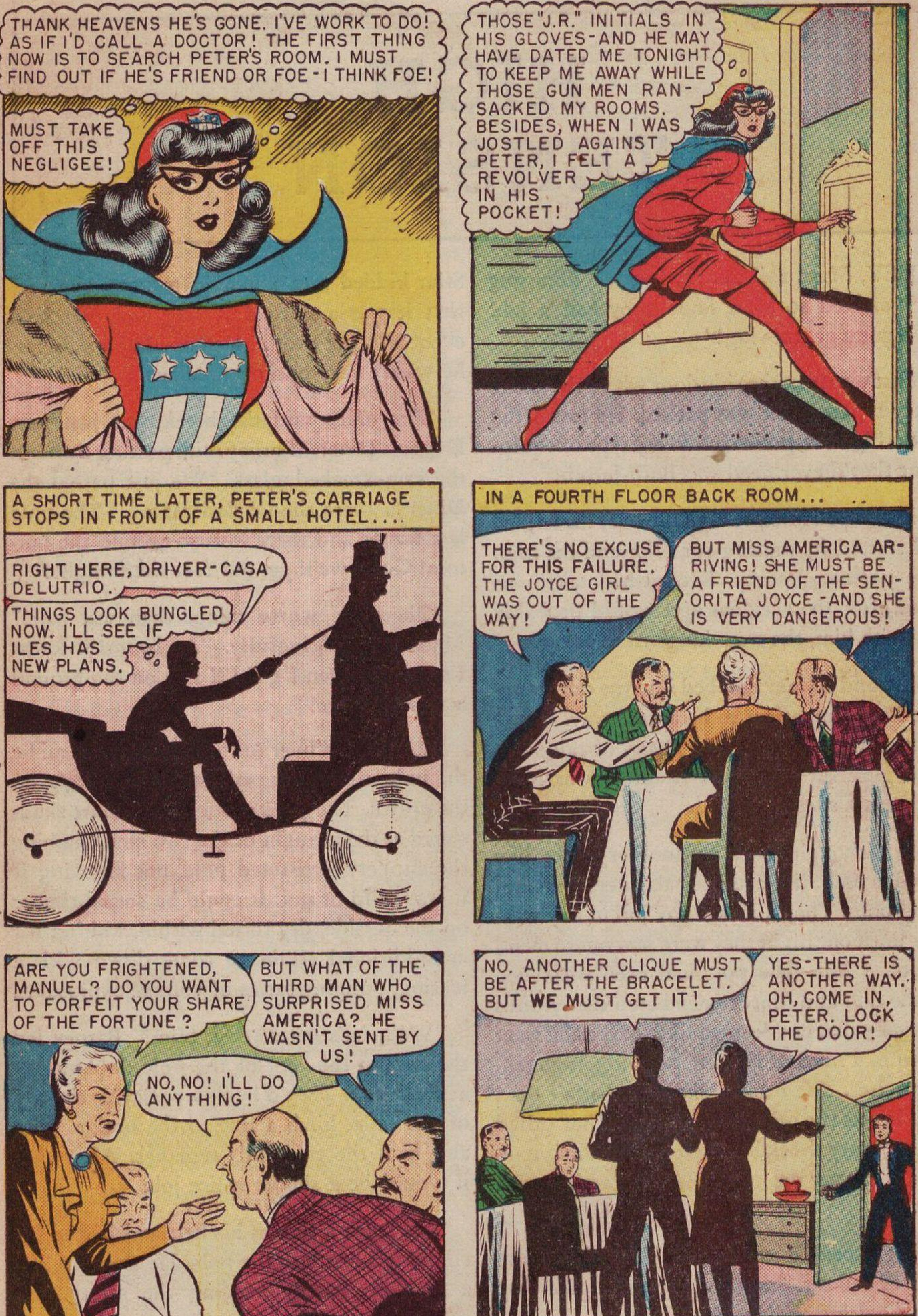

I'M TO MEET PETER AT THE BAR. I MUSTN'T FAIL IN MY MISSION TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO TED BANNING AND HIS EXPOSE OF ESCAPED NAZIS. WONDER IF PETER'S MY FIRST LEAD?
MADELEINE! YOU LOOK GORGEOUS! THIS CALLS FOR CHAMPAGNE!
YOU OWE ME MONEY! YOU PIG!
WHO IS A PIG? YOU SWINE!
OH!
APOLOGIZE TO THE YOUNG LADY OR YOU'LL FEEL MY FISTS!
I'M ALL RIGHT, PETER. LET IT GO!
SI SI! APOLOGIO!
YOU SURE? WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK STARTLED!
I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING!
OUT! THIS IS A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE BAR!
THAT FACE IN THE MIRROR!
I PROMISED TO BRING A BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO A WOMAN'S SISTER HERE. BUT I LEFT THE BRACELET IN MY ROOM. I'LL GO UP FOR IT.

WAIT, MADELEINE! DON'T GO!
I'LL BE DOWN SOON!
THAT FACE! THE SAME MAN I THOUGHT WAS WATCHING ME IN NEW YORK. I COULD SWEAR HE'S THE ONE. HE'S GOING INTO THE LOBBY. I'LL FOLLOW...
THERE HE GOES--- THROUGH THE STAIRWAY DOOR. SEEMS LIKE HE IS UP TO SOMETHING! IF HE'S TRAILED ME FROM NEW YORK, I MUST KNOW!
SHE WAS IN THE BAR WHEN I LEFT. ROAD'S APPARENTLY CLEAR. BUT TO BE CERTAIN, STAND GUARD!
TRUST ME, MANUEL!
AS THE MYSTERIOUS MANUEL HURRIES UP THE STEPS, THE INTREPID MADELEINE OPENS THE DOOR...
SO! IT IS YOU! STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
OOPS!
BUT, THE NEXT MOMENT...
YOU LITTLE VIXEN! YOU'RE PLAYING A MAN'S GAME!
3


WHILE THE ASSAILANT ASCENDS THE STAIRS HURRIEDLY...
THAT FOOLED HIM. I SAW THE BLACK-JACK COMING, SIDE-STEPPED AND WAS ONLY GRAZED. BUT I HAD TO PRETEND A KNOCK-OUT TO GET HIM AWAY, SO I CAN BECOME **MISS AMERICA!** I'LL UNHOOK THE LINING OF THE WRAP AND...
OUT OF THE WRAP TUMBLES THE COSTUME THAT CHANGES MADELEINE INTO THE FAMED MISS AMERICA, AND THEN...
JUST AS I THOUGHT. HE'S ENTERING MY SUITE OF ROOMS!
302
FIND IT YET, MANUEL? I JUST HAD AN ENCOUNTER WITH MADELEINE JOYCE!
YOU DID?
DOES SHE KNOW? WE CAN'T-
IT'S ALL RIGHT. KEEP SEARCHING. I KNOCKED HER OUT WITH A BLACK-JACK. SHE WON'T RECOVER!
NOT FOR A GOOD WHILE. KEEP SEARCHING... WHAT'S THE MATTER, MANUEL? WHAT DO YOU...?
YOUR GUN, QUICK! BEHIND YOU!
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT TO FIND?
4


WAKE UP! I WANT TO KNOW WHO SENT YOU HERE - AND WHAT YOU'RE AFTER!
TALK! OR I'LL REPEAT MY PERFORMANCE!
WE WILL! (GULP!)
ONE INSTANT AFTER - AN ARM FLASHES OUT!
MANUEL'S SUDDEN SURPRISED EXPRESSION WARNED ME!
AT THE SAME TIME...
OUT, QUICK!
YOU'RE "OUT" TOO, MISS AMERICA!
SOON AFTER...
OHH! THEY'VE ALL ESCAPED NOW! MY LOSS, EXCEPT THAT I'VE NOW SEEN SOME OF MY ENEMIES. WHAT WERE THEY AFTER HERE? I'LL LOOK!
5


NOTHING'S MISSING. EITHER THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO FIND WHAT THEY WERE AFTER, OR THEY WEREN'T LOOKING FOR ANY PARTICULAR OBJECT. MAYBE THEY WANTED THE LOWDOWN ON MADELEINE JOYCE...OH, OH!
MADELEINE!
THAT'S PETER. I'VE GOT TO CHANGE BACK TO MADELEINE JOYCE WITHOUT HIM KNOWING!
ARE YOU THERE, MADELEINE?
THAT YOU, PETER? I'LL BE OUT IN A MINUTE!
WHAT HAPPENED HERE? I FOUND THIS DOOR OPEN. THIS ROOM LOOKS LIKE A CYCLONE STRUCK IT! LUCKY THING I GOT RESTLESS AND CAME UP...
WHAT HAPPENED?
I HAD TO CHANGE. MY EVENING DRESS WAS A MESS. ON MY WAY HERE I WAS SUDDENLY STRUCK DOWN. I CAME TO AND MANAGED TO GET HERE, AND FOUND EVERYTHING UPSET. WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS?
I HAVEN'T ANY IDEA! BUT YOU'RE HURT! I'LL CALL A DOCTOR.
I'VE ALREADY DONE THAT. THEY'LL SEND THE HOTEL DOCTOR AS SOON AS HE'S AVAILABLE. MEANWHILE, PETER, I'D LIKE TO REST. PLEASE RUN ALONG NOW.
IF YOU'RE SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO ON TO A NIGHT SPOT OR TWO. BUT IF I THOUGHT YOU NEEDED ME...
OH NO, PLEASE DON'T STAY. I'LL BE ALL RIGHT.


THANK HEAVENS HE'S GONE. I'VE WORK TO DO! AS IF I'D CALL A DOCTOR! THE FIRST THING NOW IS TO SEARCH PETER'S ROOM. I MUST FIND OUT IF HE'S FRIEND OR FOE - I THINK FOE!
MUST TAKE OFF THIS NEGLIGEE!
THOSE "J.R." INITIALS IN HIS GLOVES - AND HE MAY HAVE DATED ME TONIGHT TO KEEP ME AWAY WHILE THOSE GUN MEN RANSACKED MY ROOMS. BESIDES, WHEN I WAS JOSTLED AGAINST PETER, I FELT A REVOLVER IN HIS POCKET!
A SHORT TIME LATER, PETER'S CARRIAGE STOPS IN FRONT OF A SMALL HOTEL....
RIGHT HERE, DRIVER - CASA DeLUTRIO.
THINGS LOOK BUNGLED NOW. I'LL SEE IF ILES HAS NEW PLANS.
IN A FOURTH FLOOR BACK ROOM.....
THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR THIS FAILURE. THE JOYCE GIRL WAS OUT OF THE WAY!
BUT MISS AMERICA ARRIVING! SHE MUST BE A FRIEND OF THE SENORITA JOYCE - AND SHE IS VERY DANGEROUS!
ARE YOU FRIGHTENED, MANUEL? DO YOU WANT TO FORFEIT YOUR SHARE OF THE FORTUNE?
BUT WHAT OF THE THIRD MAN WHO SURPRISED MISS AMERICA? HE WASN'T SENT BY US!
NO, NO! I'LL DO ANYTHING!
7
NO. ANOTHER CLIQUE MUST BE AFTER THE BRACELET. BUT WE MUST GET IT!
YES - THERE IS ANOTHER WAY. OH, COME IN, PETER. LOCK THE DOOR!
FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF MISS AMERICA! DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE IN MARVEL COMICS 78 - NOV.

HIGH TENSION

"HEY, Mart, roll out the hearse!" Slim was excited so Mart knew they had a job. "We gotta get moving!"

Mart went out the side door where the emergency repair truck was parked. He loved the truck; big, fast, powerful. Every type of equipment they'd ever need was built into it.

He climbed into the high cab over the engine and started it, waiting for Slim and his high wire partner, Barney. Barney had taken his place after the accident and would probably stay with him, the way things were going.

Slim and Barney climbed into the cab alongside Mart, impatient to be on the way. It was a rotten night, windy and plenty of rain. The road gleamed under the headlights as Mart picked up speed.

Mart thought back to another night like this. He and Slim had been partners then and good ones. They'd tackle any job in any weather until one night they were sent out to mend a broken line. The pole had been weakened by the rain and Mart remembered the seconds of agony that had seemed like years as he went down in a snarl of broken, popping, high tension wires. The broken shoulder hadn't been bad. It was the juice that got him. They called it temporary shock but there was nothing temporary about the memories he carried with him.

"Let's speed it up, Mart!" Slim jabbed him with his elbow. "Some guys need lights they aren't getting tonight!"

Mart pushed the gas pedal down and blessed Slim's understanding. Other guys would keep quiet about Mart being a ground man, but Slim kidded him about it, making him feel that it was a normal feeling and that he'd eventually get over it. He hoped he would but he wasn't very optimistic about it.

"The office said the break was just past Dugan's Diner," Barney said, peering through the rain-streaked glass. "We just passed the Diner . . .there she is! Bad place . . . The pole is a leaner and there's brush around the bottom! Guess we'll get our feet wet tonight!"

"There are worse things than wet feet!" Mart laughed ruefully. "At least I'll know I'm going when I go! I'll stay on the ground a while longer!"

Mart pulled over to the side of the road by the pole, shining the adjustable floodlight on the crown. The pole *was* a leaner. Mart shuddered at the thought of the two men climbing the slippery, creosoted pole, not knowing if it was solid or not. It could be sound timber on the outside, dry rotted within, waiting for an additional strain to come down with a tearing, popping series of voltage explosions.

"Well, let's get started, Slim!" Barney led the way to the foot of the pole, looking up at the break. They'd hook a pulley to the top of the pole, hitch a line to the broken wire and haul the two ends together. After that it would be a simple splice job.

Slim stuck a line in his belt and jabbed his climbing irons into the pole. He went up like a monkey, hardly needing the safety belt passed around the pole. Mart saw his flashlight flickering around the crosstree at the top.

"Okay, Barney, come up and bring the block with you!" Slim yelled. Barney grabbed the block with a line running through it and hitched it to his belt. He was soon beside Slim at the top.

Mart went to the back of the truck, getting the tools ready that they'd use. Heavy cutting pliers, rubber shields to lay across the cable, tape; it was all there. He bundled it up at the foot of the pole and tied it securely, tugging at the line to let Slim know it was ready to come up.

"Haul away, Mart! It's all yours!" Barney yelped. He had the line running through the block and hitched to the broken wire dangling at the foot of the pole. Mart braced himself and heaved in short, even pulls until a yell from above told him to stop. Barney, at the top of the pole, had taken a couple of turns in the line and he'd hold it until Slim was finished.

Slim leaned back against his belt, working from beneath the wire. His body slanted away from the pole at a forty five degree angle. Mart was looking at the truck when a frantic shout from above caused him to stare upward.

"Look out! Hold it, Slim, hang on!" There was frantic hope in Barney's voice. Slim's belt had broken and he had shot out from the pole, arms waving wildly. He had grasped a high tension wire, safe enough as long as he held on or didn't come in contact with another wire. He swung back and forth like a pendulum and Mart knew he wouldn't hold on long.

"Barney, can you help him?" Mart yelled. Barney, at the top of the pole, started down, but when he did, the line to the broken wire slipped. He grabbed on again and Mart groaned. Barney had to stay where he was or Slim would be electrocuted.

Suddenly, he turned and raced for the back of the truck. He grabbed a set of climbing irons, and a safety belt and put them on in frantic haste. He rummaged until he found a piece of stiff cable with a spliced loop in the end.

"Stay where you are, Barney!" Mart shouted. "I think I can take care of it! Just keep that broken wire off my back!" He jammed his irons into the pole and went up to the bottom of the crosstree. Slim was hanging from the lowest wire about six feet out from the pole. He was hanging on, but now he only had the tips of his fingers on the wire.

Mart passed one end of the stiff cable around his body and passed the other end around the wire leading to the loop. He braced himself, leaning back against the belt and extended the wire loop out and under Slim. It didn't quite reach but it was near enough. He couldn't let it touch Slim because that would ground the circuit, electrocuting both of them.

"C'mon, pal, let go and grab the loop! You'll be as safe as if you were in Church!" Slim looked at him, the agony of maintaining his grip showing in his face. He looked at the stiff loop below him and then dropped. Mart thought he had missed. Slim dropped past the loop; then Mart felt as if the cable were cutting him in half. The wire around his body cut into his ribs but he grinned in relief as he saw Slim swinging below him.

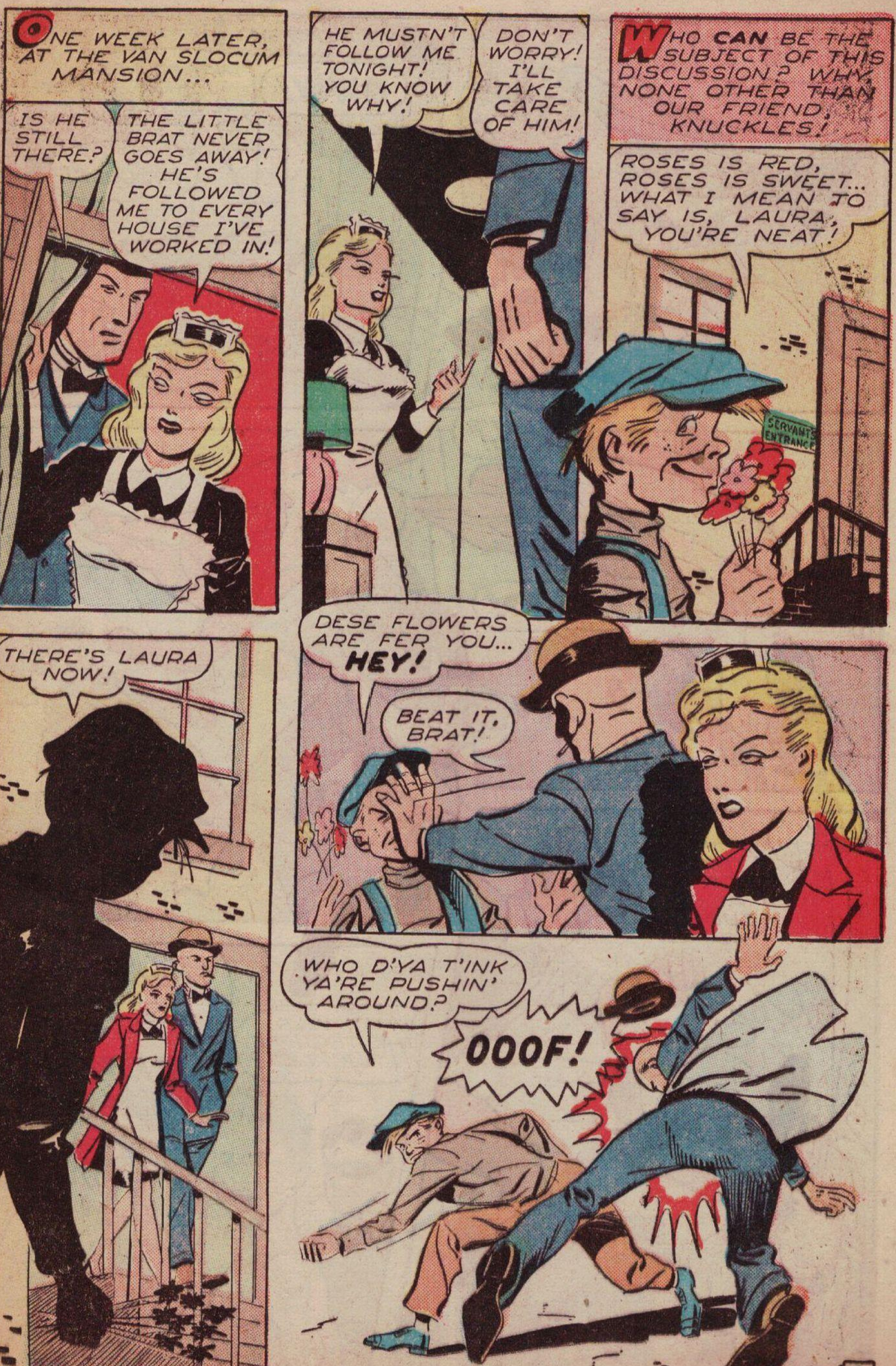
He felt the weight go off the wire as Slim drove his hooks into the pole. He looked down and grinned weakly at the way Slim skittered down the pole. Slim looked up at Mart.

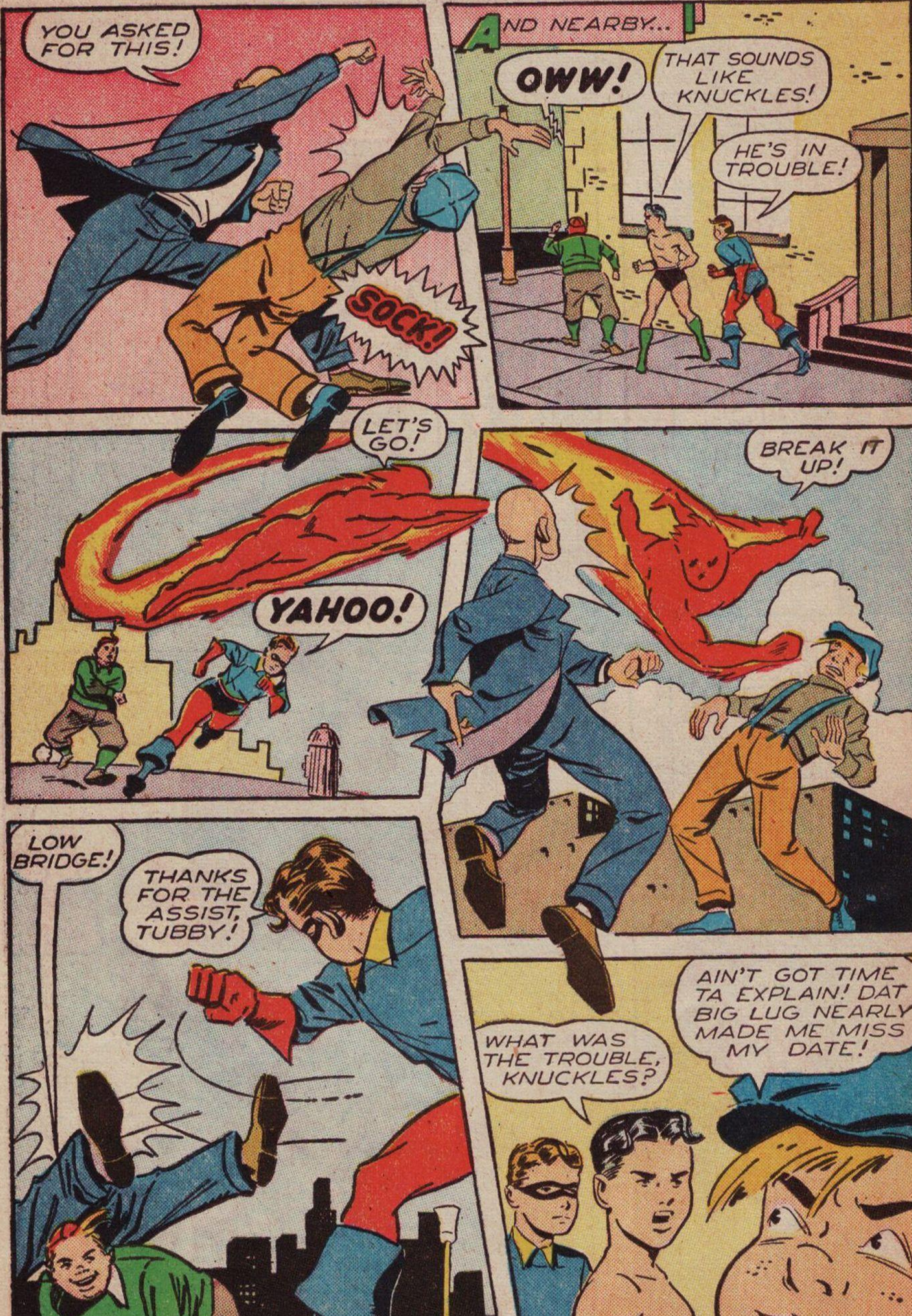
"Well, yuh finally got your feet off the ground! That was a good time for it too! Thanks, pal!" Mart knew that was all that would be said about it but he also knew that Slim wouldn't forget it. Slim continued. "C'mon down and I'll finish that job! I wanta get out of here!"

"Never mind, Slim. *I'll* finish the job!" His voice was happy, confident. "I kinda like it up here now!"

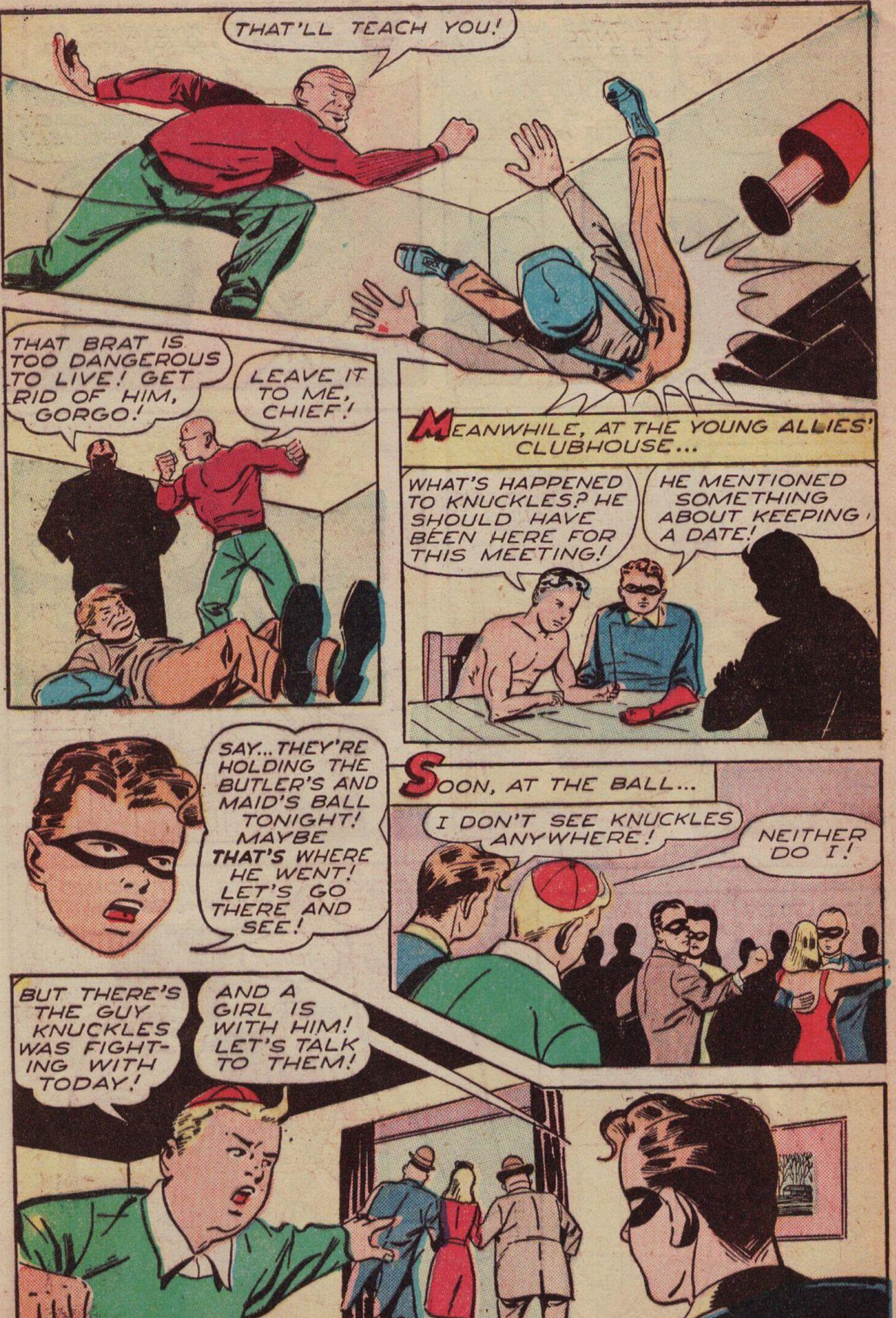
—THE END—

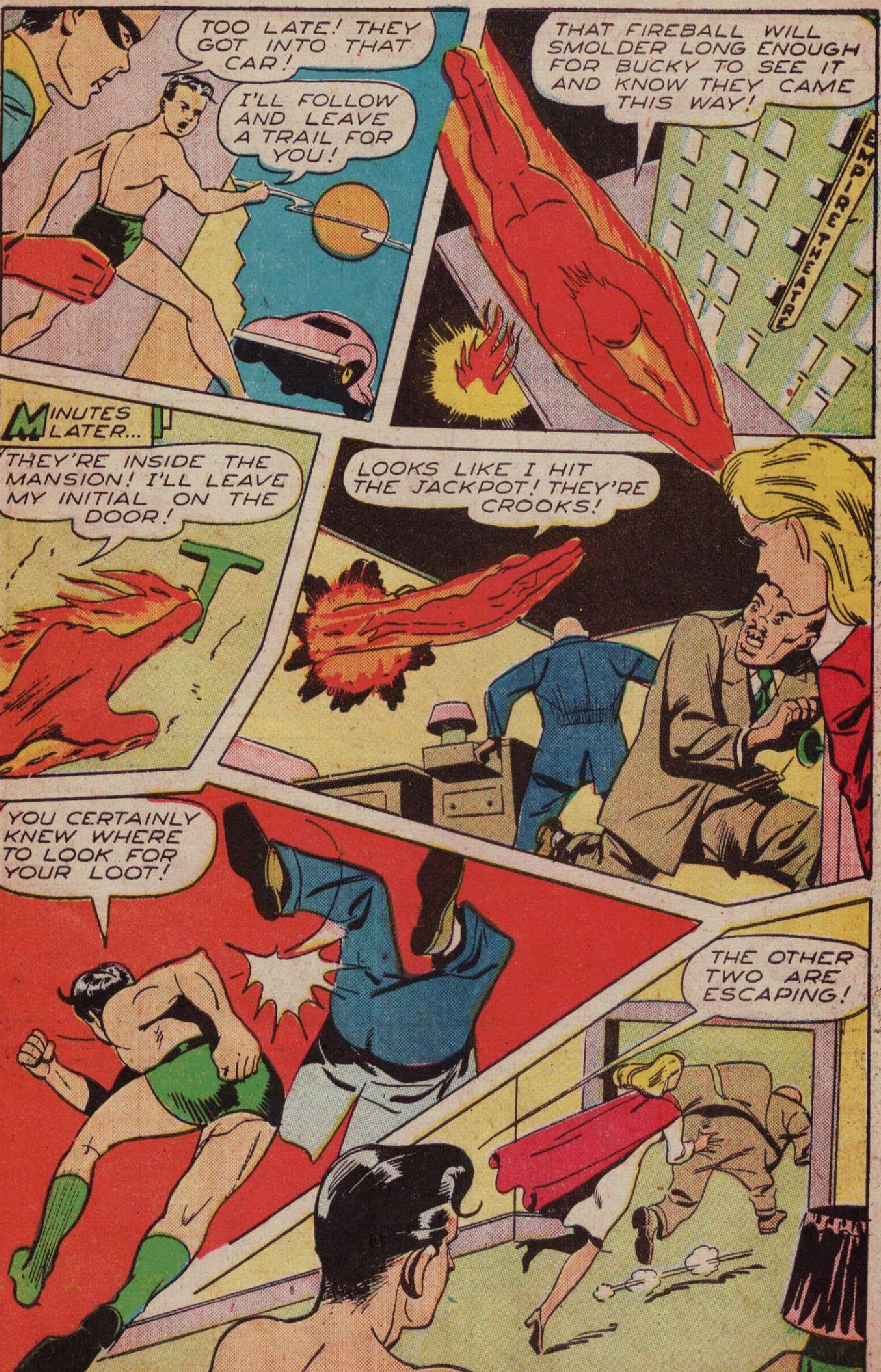
YOUNG ALLIES
ONCE EVERY YEAR THE SERVANTS BECOME MASTERS... AT THE FAMED BUTLER'S AND MAID'S BALL! BUT NO ONE SUSPECTED THAT BEHIND THE SCENES LURKED A MENACE TO THE PEACE OF A SLEEPING CITY! THE YOUNG ALLIES SEEK THE ANSWER TO THE "SERVANT PROBLEM" AS THEY STALK THE... "MENACE at MIDNIGHT!"
SL-635
AT AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY...
I'VE TRIED EVERY AGENCY IN TOWN. I'LL PAY ANYTHING FOR A GOOD MAID AND BUTLER!
I HAVE JUST THE COUPLE FOR YOU! THEY'RE EXPERIENCED! I CHECKED THEIR REFERENCES MYSELF!
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
LATER...
THE VAN SLOCUMS ARE ONE OF THE RICHEST FAMILIES IN TOWN, LAURA! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
LEAVE IT TO US, CURLY! JUST GIVE US ONE WEEK IN THAT PLACE AND EVERYTHING WILL BE SET!

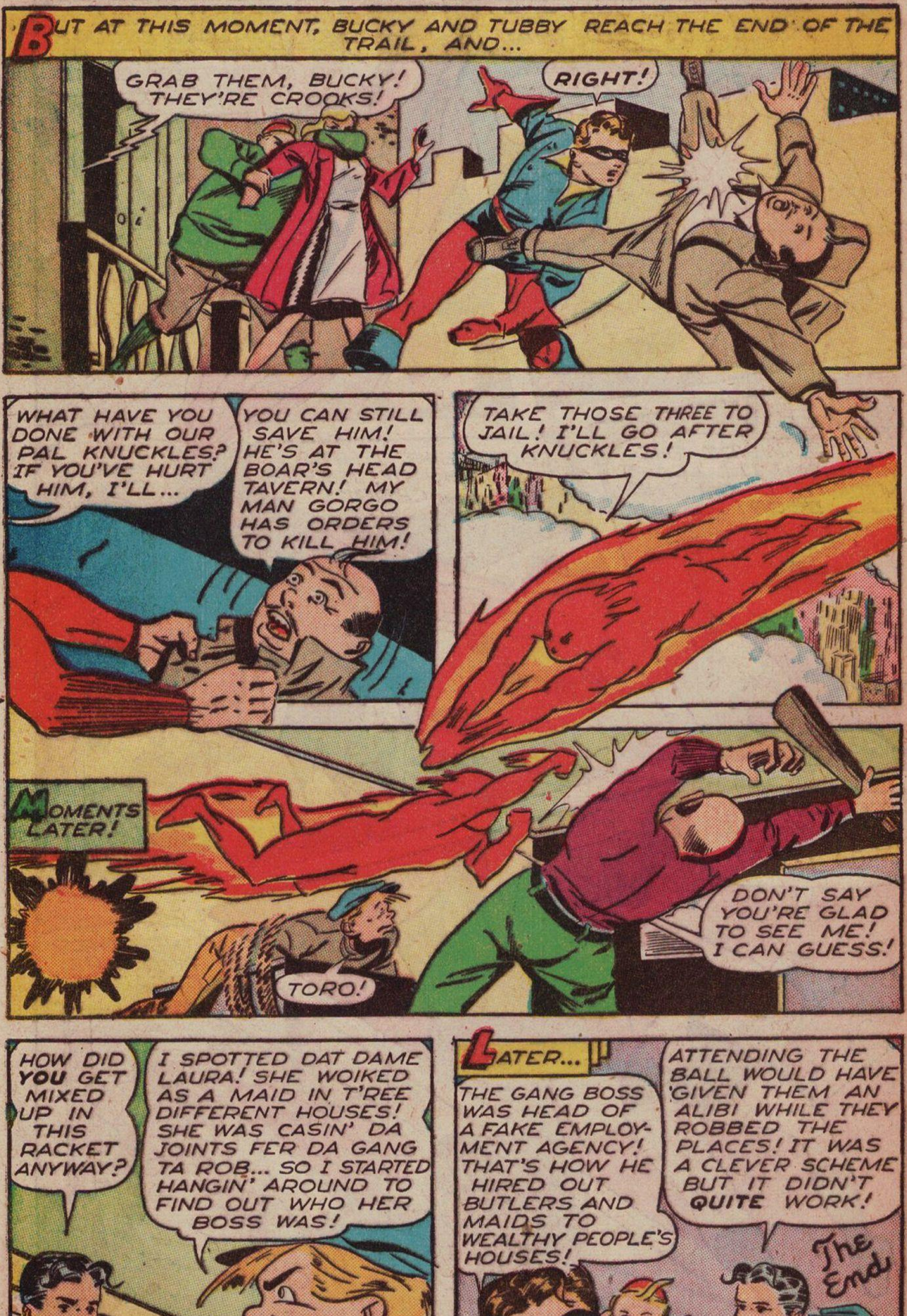

ONE WEEK LATER, AT THE VAN SLOCUM MANSION...
IS HE STILL THERE?
THE LITTLE BRAT NEVER GOES AWAY! HE'S FOLLOWED ME TO EVERY HOUSE I'VE WORKED IN!
HE MUSTN'T FOLLOW ME TONIGHT! YOU KNOW WHY!
DON'T WORRY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
WHO CAN BE THE SUBJECT OF THIS DISCUSSION? WHY, NONE OTHER THAN OUR FRIEND, KNUCKLES!
ROSES IS RED, ROSES IS SWEET... WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS, LAURA, YOU'RE NEAT!
SERVANTS ENTRANCE
THERE'S LAURA NOW!
DESE FLOWERS ARE FER YOU... HEY!
BEAT IT, BRAT!
WHO D'YA T'INK YA'RE PUSHIN' AROUND?
OOOF!


YOU ASKED FOR THIS!
SOCK!
AND NEARBY...
OWW!
THAT SOUNDS LIKE KNUCKLES!
HE'S IN TROUBLE!
LET'S GO!
YAHOO!
BREAK IT UP!
LOW BRIDGE!
THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, TUBBY!
WHAT WAS THE TROUBLE, KNUCKLES?
AIN'T GOT TIME TA EXPLAIN! DAT BIG LUG NEARLY MADE ME MISS MY DATE!
3

MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO EXPLAIN WHY YOU WERE FIGHTING WITH OUR FRIEND?
HE WAS ANNOYING MISS LAURA, THE MAID! THAT KID'S BEEN HANGING AROUND ALL THE PLACES SHE'S WORKED!
THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE KNUCKLES!
KNUCKLES HAS BEEN ACTING STRANGE LATELY! WE'LL TALK TO HIM WHEN HE GETS BACK TO THE CLUBHOUSE!
MEANWHILE...
HERE'S THE FLOOR LAYOUT OF THE VAN SLOCUM MANSION, CURLY!
GOOD WORK, LAURA! TONIGHT THEY'RE HOLDING THE ANNUAL BUTLER'S AND MAID'S BALL! THAT WILL BE YOUR ALIBI!
SHOW UP EARLY! ME AND SLUGGER WILL BE THERE TOO! NO ONE WILL NOTICE US LEAVE!
SO DAT'S DEIR GAME!
I'D BETTER CALL DA COPS!
THAT KID! HE FOLLOWED ME HERE!
GORGO! DON'T LET HIM GET OUT!
HE'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE, CHIEF!
HUH?

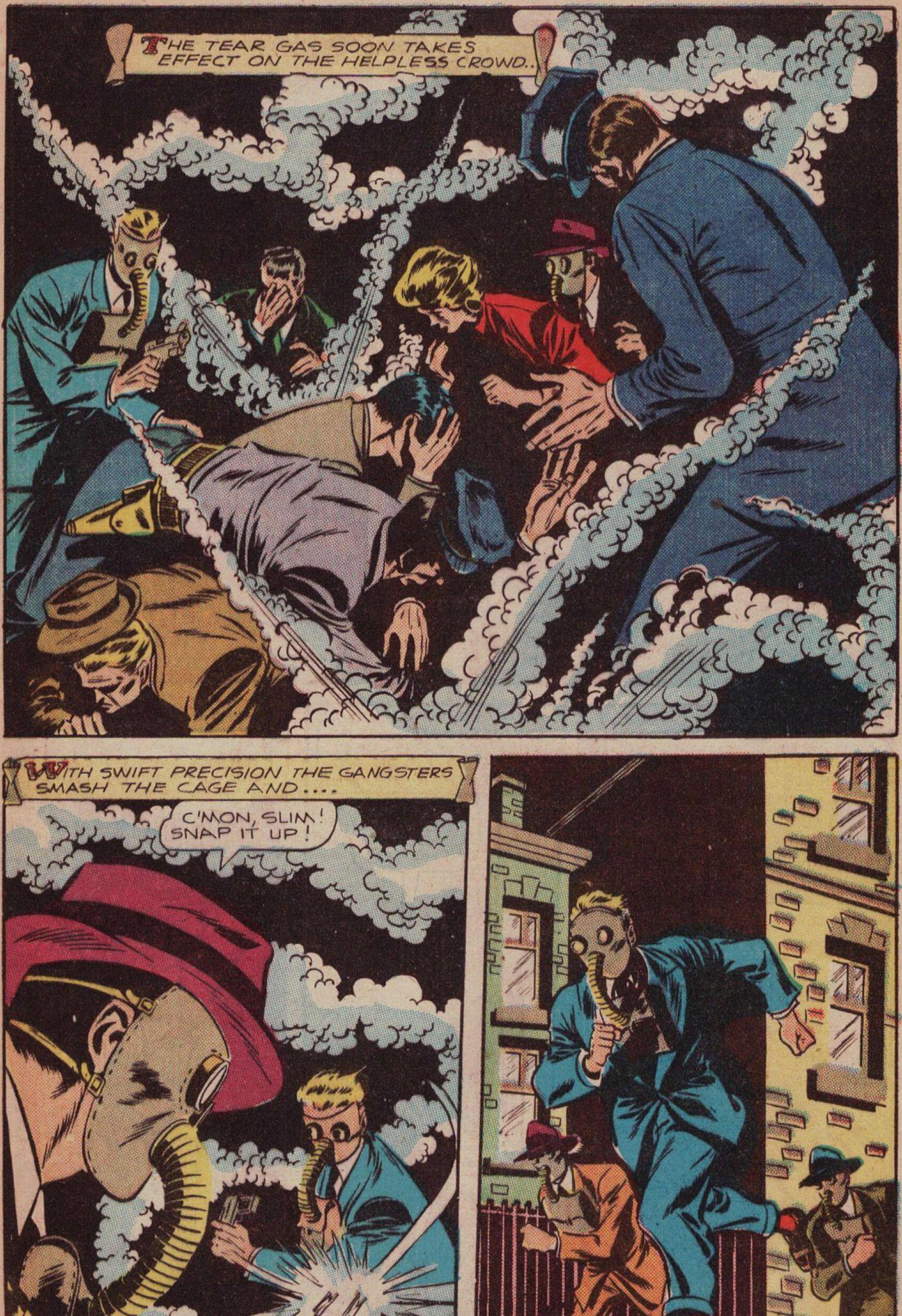

THAT'LL TEACH YOU!
THAT BRAT IS TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE! GET RID OF HIM, GORGO!
LEAVE IT TO ME, CHIEF!
MEANWHILE, AT THE YOUNG ALLIES' CLUBHOUSE...
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO KNUCKLES? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE FOR THIS MEETING!
HE MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT KEEPING A DATE!
SAY...THEY'RE HOLDING THE BUTLER'S AND MAID'S BALL TONIGHT! MAYBE THAT'S WHERE HE WENT! LET'S GO THERE AND SEE!
SOON, AT THE BALL...
I DON'T SEE KNUCKLES ANYWHERE!
NEITHER DO I!
BUT THERE'S THE GUY KNUCKLES WAS FIGHTING WITH TODAY!
AND A GIRL IS WITH HIM! LET'S TALK TO THEM!

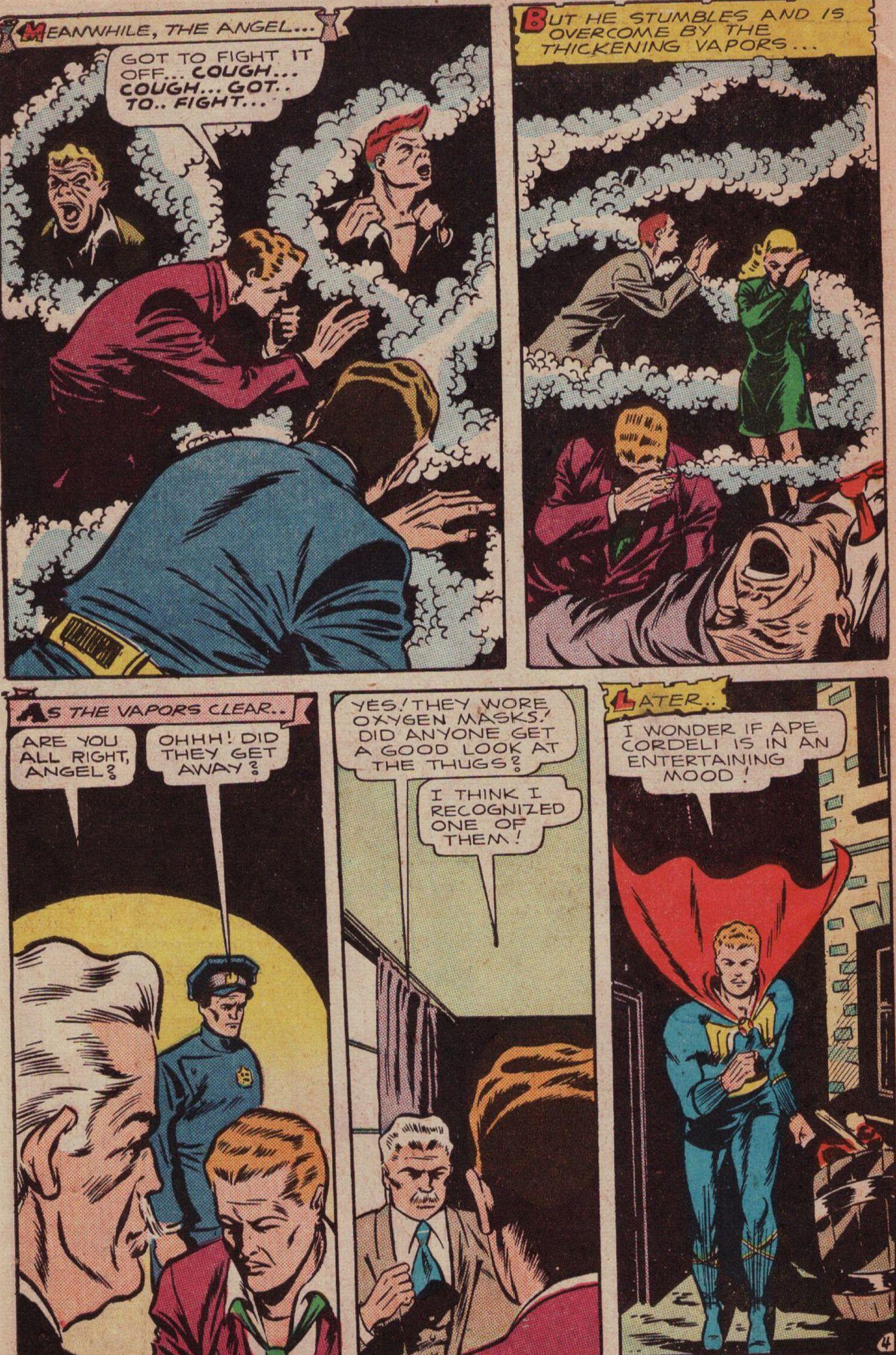

TOO LATE! THEY GOT INTO THAT CAR!
I'LL FOLLOW AND LEAVE A TRAIL FOR YOU!
THAT FIREBALL WILL SMOLDER LONG ENOUGH FOR BUCKY TO SEE IT AND KNOW THEY CAME THIS WAY!
EMPIRE THEATRE
MINUTES LATER...
THEY'RE INSIDE THE MANSION! I'LL LEAVE MY INITIAL ON THE DOOR!
LOOKS LIKE I HIT THE JACKPOT! THEY'RE CROOKS!
YOU CERTAINLY KNEW WHERE TO LOOK FOR YOUR LOOT!
THE OTHER TWO ARE ESCAPING!


BUT AT THIS MOMENT, BUCKY AND TUBBY REACH THE END OF THE TRAIL, AND...
GRAB THEM, BUCKY! THEY'RE CROOKS!
RIGHT!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH OUR PAL KNUCKLES? IF YOU'VE HURT HIM, I'LL...
YOU CAN STILL SAVE HIM! HE'S AT THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN! MY MAN GORGO HAS ORDERS TO KILL HIM!
TAKE THOSE THREE TO JAIL! I'LL GO AFTER KNUCKLES!
MOMENTS LATER!
DON'T SAY YOU'RE GLAD TO SEE ME! I CAN GUESS!
TORO!
HOW DID YOU GET MIXED UP IN THIS RACKET ANYWAY?
I SPOTTED DAT DAME LAURA! SHE WOIKED AS A MAID IN T'REE DIFFERENT HOUSES! SHE WAS CASIN' DA JOINTS FER DA GANG TA ROB... SO I STARTED HANGIN' AROUND TO FIND OUT WHO HER BOSS WAS!
LATER...
THE GANG BOSS WAS HEAD OF A FAKE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY! THAT'S HOW HE HIRED OUT BUTLERS AND MAIDS TO WEALTHY PEOPLE'S HOUSES!
ATTENDING THE BALL WOULD HAVE GIVEN THEM AN ALIBI WHILE THEY ROBBED THE PLACES! IT WAS A CLEVER SCHEME BUT IT DIDN'T QUITE WORK!
The End
7

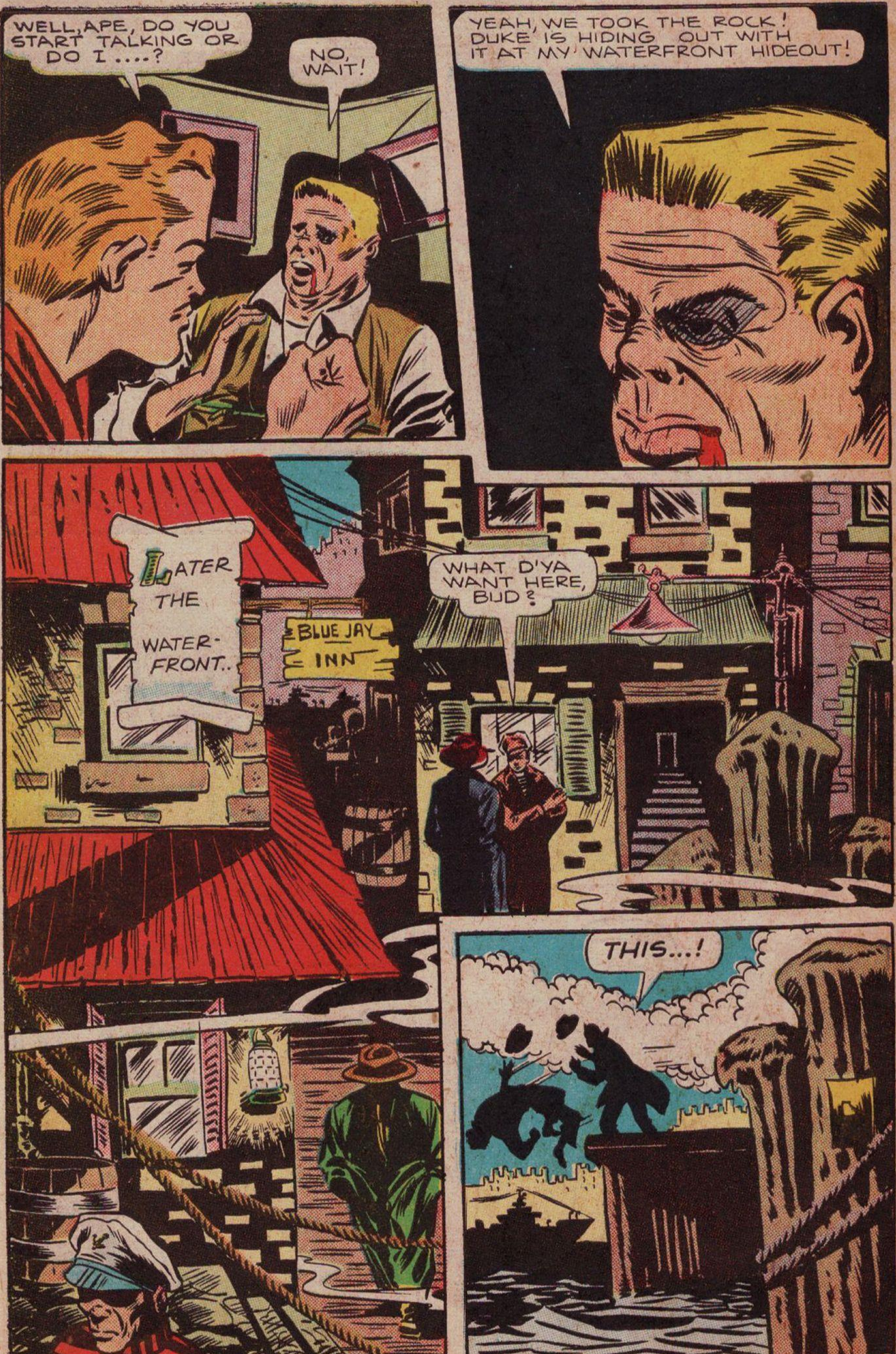
THE ANGEL
IN
"WITHOUT WARNING!"
A FIENDISH PLOT TO STEAL A FAMOUS DIAMOND IS SUCCESSFUL, UNTIL THE ANGEL STEPS IN. THEN THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN...
R-108

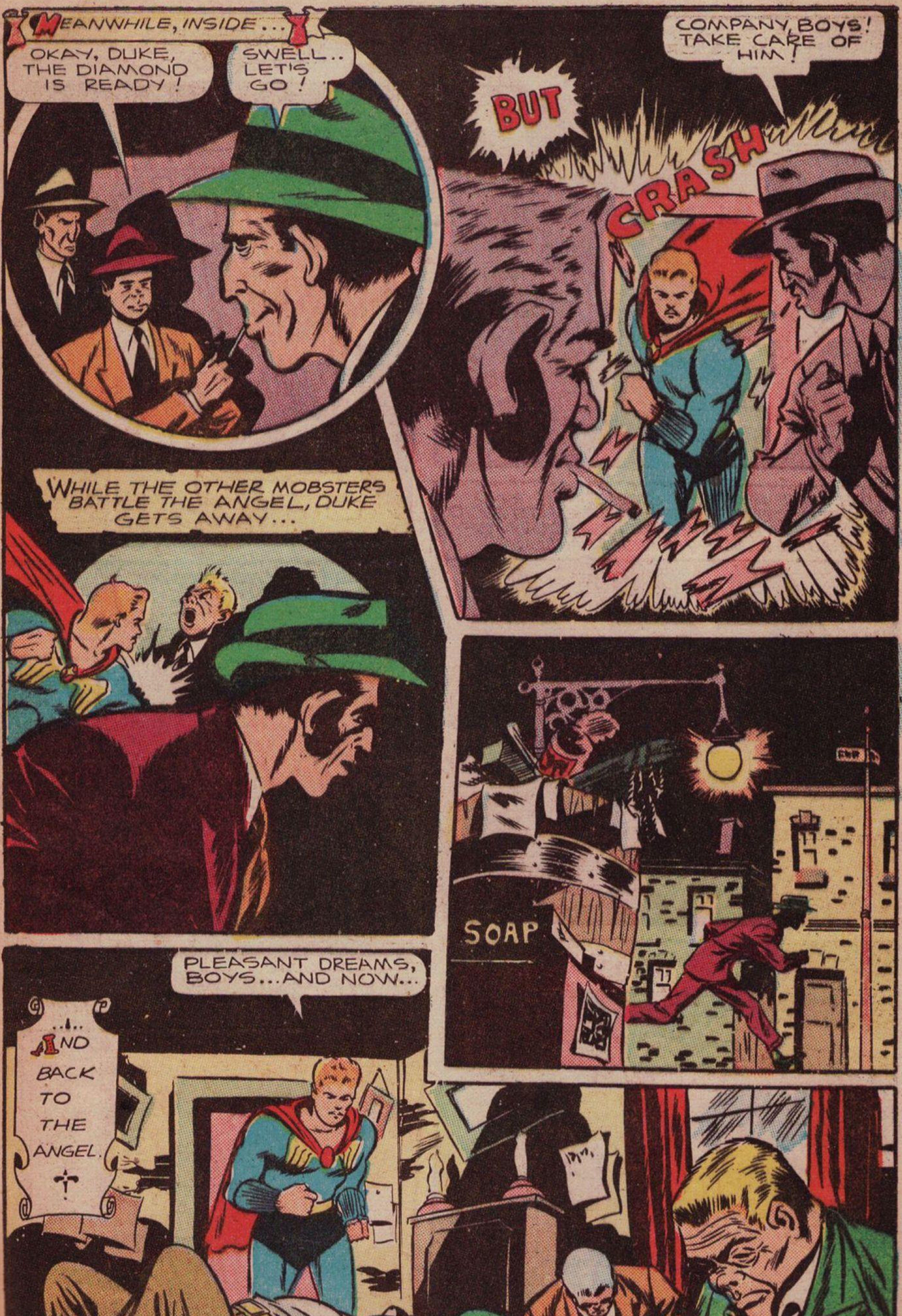
THE ANGEL VISITS COMMISSIONER WESTON...
ANGEL, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE FAMOUS BRINDHOFF DIAMOND? IT'S ON EXHIBITION AT THE MUSEUM!
VERY MUCH. LET'S GO!
SOON...
YOU HAVE PLENTY OF GUARDS ON DUTY HERE!
YES, WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH THIS DIAMOND!
BRINDHOFF DIAMOND
HMMM! THAT LOOKS LIKE DAPPER DAN AND SOME OF APE CORDELI'S BOYS. I SMELL TROUBLE!
BUT SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING..
OKAY, BOYS! THE GAS!

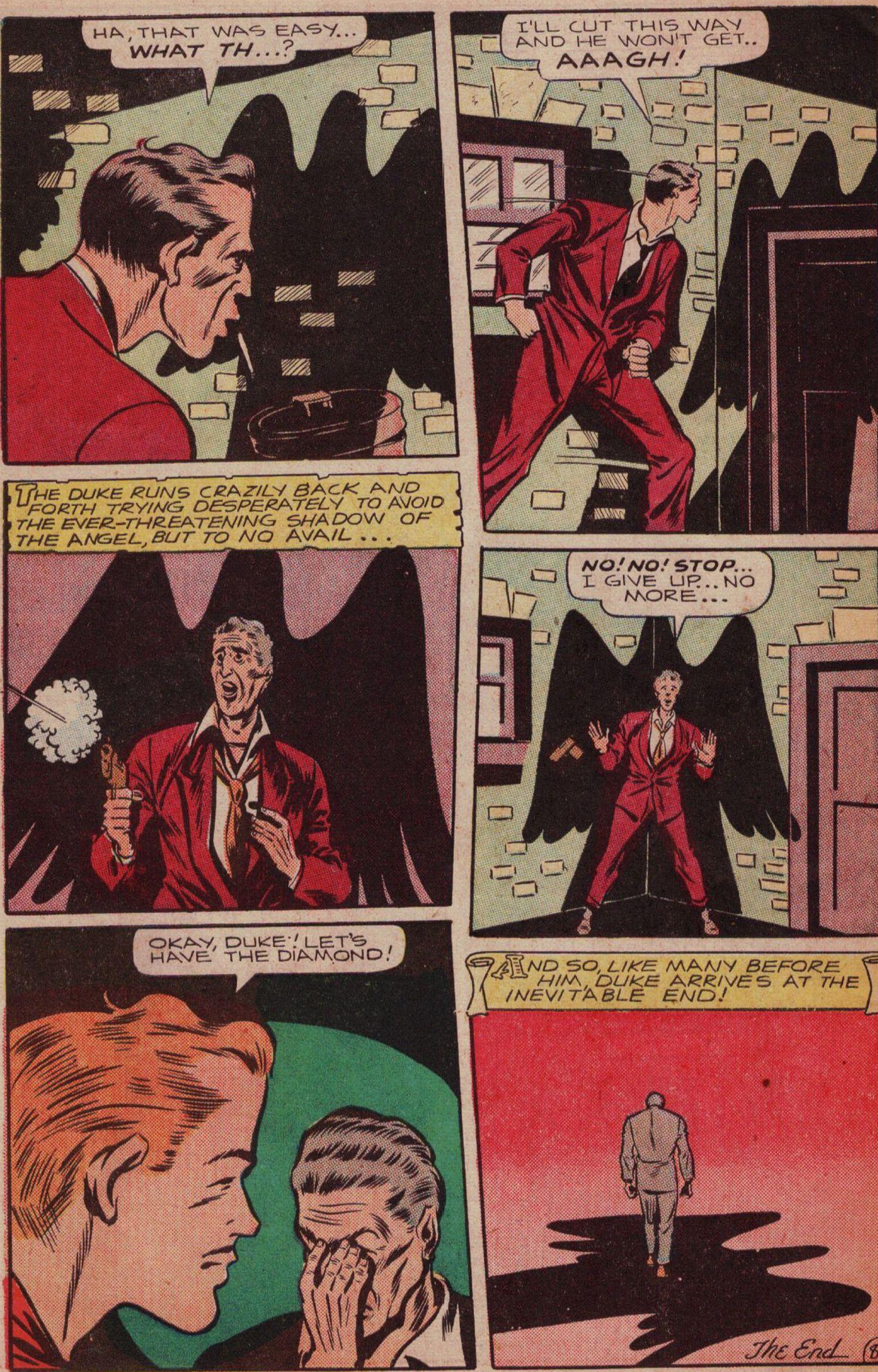

THE TEAR GAS SOON TAKES EFFECT ON THE HELPLESS CROWD..
WITH SWIFT PRECISION THE GANGSTERS SMASH THE CAGE AND....
C'MON, SLIM! SNAP IT UP!


MEANWHILE, THE ANGEL...
GOT TO FIGHT IT OFF... COUGH... COUGH... GOT.. TO.. FIGHT...
BUT HE STUMBLES AND IS OVERCOME BY THE THICKENING VAPORS...
AS THE VAPORS CLEAR..
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ANGEL?
OHHH! DID THEY GET AWAY?
YES! THEY WORE OXYGEN MASKS! DID ANYONE GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE THUGS?
I THINK I RECOGNIZED ONE OF THEM!
LATER..
I WONDER IF APE CORDELI IS IN AN ENTERTAINING MOOD!
4

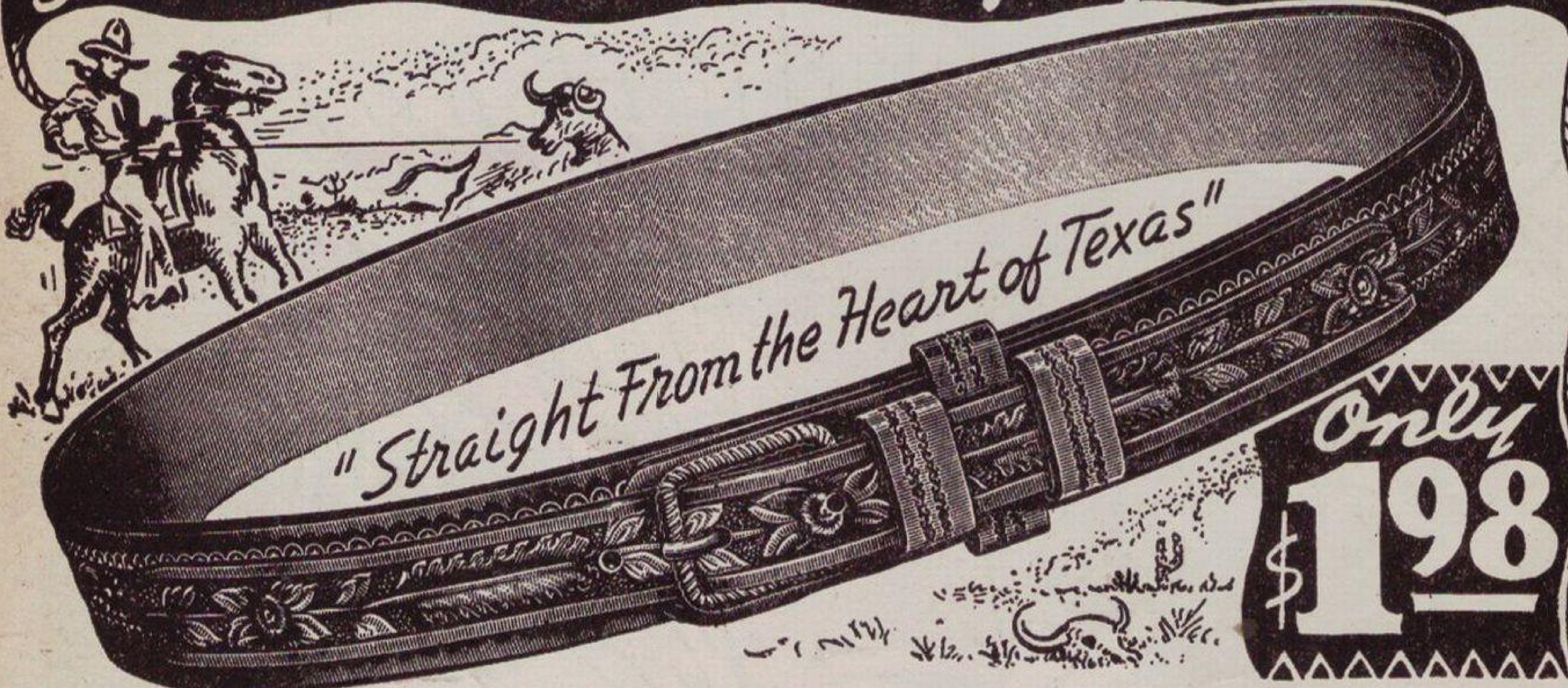
APE CORDELI RECEIVES AN UNWELCOME CALLER...
ANGEL! SOMETHING WRONG?
YOU SHOULDA ASKED MY SECRETARY FOR AN APPOINTMENT!
OOOPS!
YOUR SNOOPING DAYS ARE....
AS YOU WERE SAYING, APE?
CR-ASH!
5


WELL, APE, DO YOU START TALKING OR DO I....?
NO, WAIT!
YEAH, WE TOOK THE ROCK! DUKE IS HIDING OUT WITH IT AT MY WATERFRONT HIDEOUT!
LATER THE WATER-FRONT..
BLUE JAY INN
WHAT D'YA WANT HERE, BUD?
THIS...!


MEANWHILE, INSIDE...
OKAY, DUKE, THE DIAMOND IS READY!
SWELL.. LET'S GO!
COMPANY, BOYS! TAKE CARE OF HIM!
BUT
CRASH
WHILE THE OTHER MOBSTERS BATTLE THE ANGEL, DUKE GETS AWAY...
SOAP
PLEASANT DREAMS, BOYS...AND NOW...
...AND BACK TO THE ANGEL.
7


HA, THAT WAS EASY... **WHAT TH...?**
I'LL CUT THIS WAY AND HE WON'T GET.. **AAAGH!**
THE DUKE RUNS CRAZILY BACK AND FORTH TRYING DESPERATELY TO AVOID THE EVER-THREATENING SHADOW OF THE ANGEL, BUT TO NO AVAIL ...
NO! NO! STOP... I GIVE UP... NO MORE...
OKAY, DUKE! LET'S HAVE THE DIAMOND!
AND SO, LIKE MANY BEFORE HIM, DUKE ARRIVES AT THE INEVITABLE END!
The End
8

Genuine "Texas Beauty" Specials!

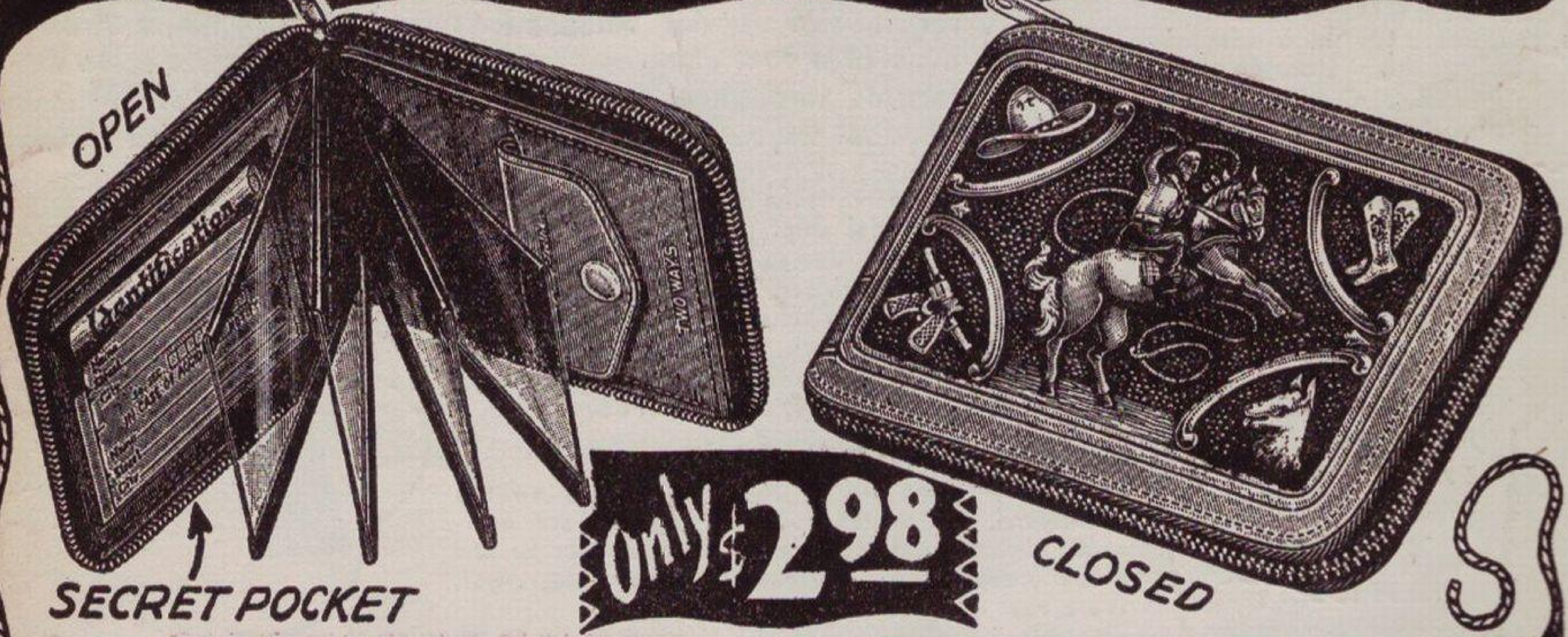

"Straight From the Heart of Texas"
Only
$1.98

Beautiful Antique Finish Genuine Cowhide! Tooled Spanish Design

Men! Go western for the smartest, most comfortable, toughest wearing belt you've ever owned. Here it is—"Straight From the Heart of Texas"—a belt that's certain to make a big hit with every man who wants his belt to look rich and to hold without binding when buckled. Look at these features! *Genuine Beautiful Antique Tan Finish*—expertly hand-stamped from end to end by skilled belt craftsmen; gives this Texas Beauty Belt that ultra-smart, rich appearance everyone admires. Belt comes standard width and has an all-metal buckle. Also has a supporting leather strip underneath so belt can't slip.

When you see this Texas Beauty Belt and examine its many outstanding features, you'll wonder how we could possibly offer it to you in these times for the sensationally low price of only $1.98. There's no doubt about it—here's a marvelous value. Order your belt today and see for yourself. There's no risk. If you're not pleased and delighted in every way, you can return it in 10 days for full refund. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail coupon below and pay postman on arrival. Be sure to state your belt size from 28 to 46.

Smart Saddle Leather ZIPPER Billfold!



Men Here's The Most Beautiful Billfold You've Ever Seen at this Low Price

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-All-Around", De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Saddle Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only $2.98 plus tax. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.

BUY BOTH AND SAVE

Order the Belt and Billfold together as a matching set. Special price for the set only $4.69 plus 60c Federal Tax on the Billfold. Makes an ideal gift.

Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9181
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Send me the Texas Beauty Specials indicated below C.O.D. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for full refund.

☐ Send me the Antique Finish Cowhide Belt @ $1.98 (Belt sizes from 28 to 46). This is my belt size ....

☐ Send me the Saddle Leather Zipper Billfold @ $2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax (total $3.58).

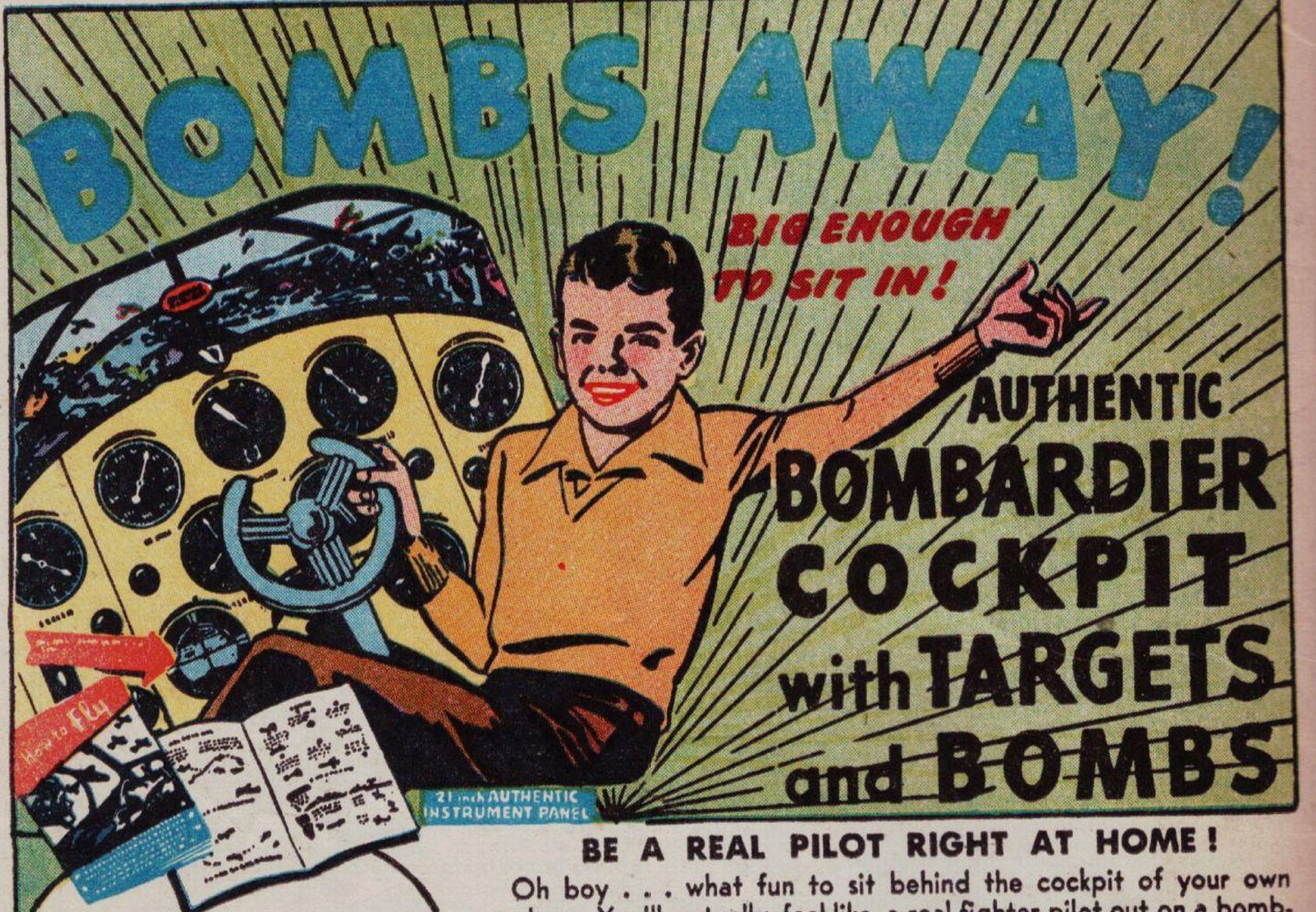
☐ Send me the Belt and the Billfold as a set @ special price of $4.69 plus 60c Tax on the Billfold (total $5.29).

NAME..........

ADDRESS..........

CITY.......... STATE..........

☐ I am enclosing full payment in advance with this order to save all shipping charges.


BOMBS AWAY!
BIG ENOUGH TO SIT IN!
AUTHENTIC BOMBARDIER COCKPIT with TARGETS and BOMBS
How to Fly
21 inch AUTHENTIC INSTRUMENT PANEL

BE A REAL PILOT RIGHT AT HOME!

Oh boy . . . what fun to sit behind the cockpit of your own plane. You'll actually feel like a real fighter pilot out on a bombing mission and blasting the enemy as our famous pilots did in the war. The dash board of the cockpit is 21 inches high with regular-size steering stick and gauges. Just like the controls and dials of a real airplane. You drop your bombs on scale model targets through a regular 'cross hair' bombsight. The pilot's physical fitness, eye test and coordination tests are included.

HERE'S ALL YOU GET!

COMPLETE COCKPIT
Dashboard (21" high) with movable gauges, steering 'stick' and rudders. Copied from real bombing planes.

SECRET BOMBSIGHT
Actual 'cross hair' bombsight that was used by our precision bombardiers. Mirror reflectors guide you.

FLYING INSTRUCTIONS
A complete book on "How to Fly." Every detail on flying and maneuvering is included.

LAND, SEA AND AIR TARGETS
Model ships, planes, tanks, cars are included to test your bombing skill.

PHYSICAL TEST
Pilot's physical test, eye and coordination test included.

AIR GAME
Plane recognition and air game adds fun.

ALL PARTS MOVABLE

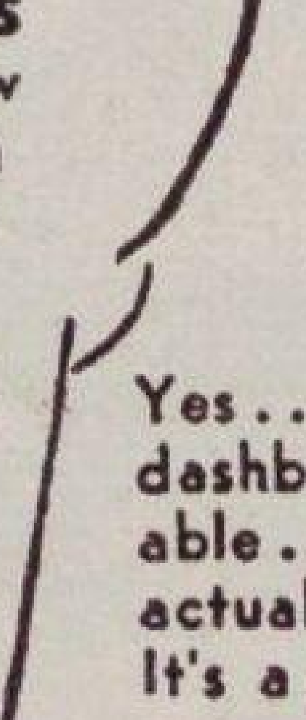
Sink Ships, Planes, Etc.

Scale model ships, planes, tanks, cars, ammunition dumps are all included in this mammoth set. The realistic military land and sea chart is revolving and keeps you alert for dropping your bombs. Many war games in one ... in the Air, on Land, on Sea. It's fun.

$1.98

OVER 100 MOVING PARTS

Yes ... everything works. The real gauges on the dashboard are movable ... your targets are movable ... your 'stick' is movable ... and your bombs actually drop from the bomb chute onto the target. It's a real copy of a bombing plane.



You Get to Keep This FLYER'S GOOD LUCK RABBIT'S FOOT FREE! IF NOT SATISFIED

Yes, if you're not simply delighted with your Bombardier Set, you may return it for a *full refund*—and still keep the Rabbit's Foot (the kind carried by pilots who believe in good luck charms) absolutely free with our best wishes for Good Luck to You!

IMPERIAL INDUSTRIES, Dept. B15
608 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush my BOMBARDIER SET as checked below. If not delighted I may keep the Flyer's Good Luck Rabbit's Foot as a gift and return the BOMBARDIER SET for a full refund.

CHECK ONE

☐ I'm enclosing $1.98 payment in full. Ship postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman $1.98 plus postage charges.

Name ____________________
(Please Print Clearly)
Address ____________________
City ____________ Zone ______ State ____________